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# The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME IV — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1927 — NUMBER 6

## France

IN France they are discussing whether so and so has turned Catholic, and what effect it will have upon his style. The old coteries are broken, the old leaders dead or discredited, writers group themselves around publishers, with scarcely distinguishable aims. A metaphysics of language which concerns itself with the accuracy of expression and neglects the thing to be expressed absorbs the finer talents. No books of range and scope appear in French. Impressions of America, or tropical Africa, or the underworld of the ports or of Brussels are wrought into nervous sets of phrases each trying to catch the light and all reflecting a skeptical temperament that believes nothing of the world except that it can strike the senses. Valéry sets down in lapidary phrases a fine, thin summary—too logical, too final—of the theory that Spengler in an earlier period built crudely from a mass of generalized evidence. The German disgorges facts by the ton and is too busy with his material to refine upon his hypothesis. With the Frenchman truth seems to depend upon the placing of an adjective. It is a French generation wounded, tired, weak, which in default of energy will be fine. If it has little to say and doubts the utility of both theories and emotions, at least it can improve the instrument of saying. If there is no game to be hunted, we clean the guns and sharpen the knives.

France for the moment is absorbed in physical recovery and advance. Factories, mines, vineyards, olives, wheat, forests obsess the national thought. There is little margin of generous thinking, and only a reluctant interest in the outer world. The magnificent system of French culture functions: the right words are said, right ideas taught; the French intellect wherever applied is always superior, if not invariably right, or even excellent. In a thousand French villages and towns are a thousand war memorials of which almost none are ugly and most are beautiful. The French genius is too competent to fall below its minimum. But that genius is pallid and tired. In art, it does the needful without much interest. Words and lines excite it more than ideas and human nature.

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The great industrialists share the really vital energy of this new France with the absorbed millions of toilers. Their names are unknown except when affixed to an automobile or a world allying trust, but they, with the workers, are France—for the moment. The *littérateurs* are the playboys of the time. No national literature at this moment exists—not so much as in America, not nearly so much as in England; but the never interrupted restlessness of the French intellect goes on—even though its roots are no deeper than the Parisian café pavement—refining, speculating, innovating with words if there are no things, with phrases where ideas are lacking.

France today is epitomized in any one of a hundred provincial newspapers. Spread upon four sheets, well arranged and badly printed, one-half the paper is such collected junk of anecdote, gossip, fashions, sports, pictures, and local items as must be fed daily to every modern community. For the rest, the humblest journal covers in detail the crops, the manufactures, the stock markets of all France. This is vital. But the half page of news at the back is not vital. It is a jumble of casual paragraphs—a factory burnt in Jugo Slavia, a revolution in Vienna (two paragraphs), three bicyclists killed in Utah, the vice president of Ireland (name mispelled) shot, a storm in the valley of the Ariège, a murder in Marseilles. France is not interested in news of the world, or even in news of herself not industrial. France cultivates her garden and looks over the fence only in vacant moments, and then with suspicion or dislike.

It is a beautiful garden, excellently cultivated. But the French intellect has to live there, and the French man of letters leaves it only to try the effect upon his garden mind of new impressions which he can work up later in the café corner. A recent anthology of French contemporary prose is full of

(*Continued on page* 87)

## *How Many Dreams*

By MAUD E. USCHOLD

HOW many dreams for a penny?
Dreams are poor fare for many.
"Flour and salt," said the grocer,
"Herring and dills—"
In a purple fen the fireflies hover
around a silver lotus.
"Dreams pay no bills."
"Scissors and steel," said the surgeon,
"Weeping and groans—"
A voice goes through the trees
like a rustle of eagle feathers
and rain in silver buds
breaks from the branches.
"Dreams mend no bones."

"Clover and corn," said the farmer,
"Horses and kine—"
Ripples of silver sequins
on lazy waters
tease the drowsy pools'
unwinking amber eyes.
"Dreams feed no swine."

How many dreams for a penny?
Dreams are poor fare for many.

## This Week

"Gallion's Reach." Reviewed by *Henry Seidel Canby.*
"A Book for Bookmen." Reviewed by *John Macy.*
"Pero Tafur." Reviewed by *Helen McAfee.*
"H. G. Wells, Educationist." Reviewed by *E. Preston Dargan.*
Humbert Wolfe's Poems. Reviewed by *Louis Untermeyer.*
"A New Testament." Reviewed by *Hamish Miles.*
"Navies and Nations." Reviewed by *Capt. Thomas G. Frothingham.*
"France," and "The South Africans." Reviewed by *Bartlet Brebner.*
"Grotesques." Reviewed by *Arthur Colton.*
Selections from a New Dunciad.

### Next Week, or Late r

"England." "America." Two Editorials.

## What Can a Man Believe?*

By ELMER DAVIS

BROTHER BARTON'S question answers itself, so far as the average man is concerned; he can believe whatever he finds it necessary or convenient to believe in order to go on doing what he felt like doing anyway. That can be set down before you read the book, and after you have read the book there is no need to change the answer. There are exceptional men who are constrained by spiritual fervor, intellectual honesty, or sluggish livers to believe things various, difficult, extraordinary, and inconvenient; but Mr. Barton's message is not for them. He writes for the Divine Average; in fact, he comes pretty near being it, as his success attests. His question should have been rephrased, however; what he really asks is, What is it most convenient to believe? To that inquiry, he has no trouble in giving a highly satisfactory answer.

Mr. Barton's Fifth Gospel, of which this is the third volume, has been considerably derided (though not by the ten or twenty million people who bought his previous books); but that is unfair. Christianity is a protean religion; it has spread chiefly because, in the past, it could adapt itself to the special tastes of its local public; and if it is to go on spreading, or even to hold its own, it must go on adapting itself. Surely a church whose various branches revere Apostles to the Slavs, and Apostles to the Indians, ought to have room for an Apostle to the Luncheon Clubs. Mr. Barton's arguments are not for those old-fashioned persons who dislike to see mansions in the skies sold by the same high-pressure methods as lots in a Florida development; but the great majority which bought land in Florida is likely to find him a persuasive salesman of building sites on the golden streets of the New Jerusalem.

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There are crabbed citizens who think that what this country most needs is the development of sales resistance; but this damnable heresy, as yet, hardly dares to raise its scaly head. It is repugnant to the Spirit of American Business; and Mr. Barton, who is so sure that the church ought to change with the times would probably call for the rack and thumbscrew if anybody suggested that this Spirit of American Business, well enough suited to the days when any man who didn't like his home town could go West and homestead a quarter section of good corn land, perhaps needs modernization now as badly as does the Nicene Creed. The Sales Resistant is doubly damned, atheist and traitor too; let us ignore him and go on to more seemly matters.

Mr. Barton has been called (or if he has not been so called heretofore, he is now) the Everlasting Yea. He is like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. He exudes pep and optimism and prosperity; his adrenal glands gush with the torrential flow of those oil wells that exist only in the prospectus; and his God is like unto him. And why, one must ask, not? The vitality of Christianity, to the Protestant mind, lies precisely in this continual personal reinterpretation. Mr. Barton admits candidly that Man has always made God in his own image; and, quite as candidly, that a god made in the image of Bruce Barton might be a good deal worse. Which is true. God-the-First-Rotarian may have his weak points, but he is a considerable

*What Can a Man Believe? By Bruce Barton. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1927.

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improvement over Chemosh the abomination of Moab and Milcom the abomination of Ammon, not to speak of deities highly respected nearer home. Some of us who are neutral in thought as well as act, in the present conflict of religions, would, if a constitutional amendment compelled us to burn incense on some altar, prefer the mirrored God of Bruce Barton to the raucous and ill-natured deity who wells from Sinclair Lewis's inner shrine.

However, since choice is not yet compulsory, let us see what Brother Barton has to offer to volunteers; assuming that anybody can be said to do anything voluntarily when a high-pressure salesman gets hold of him.

The most persuasive part of his argument, to the skeptical reader, lies in his picture of what the Church of the future ought to be—called, as one might have expected, the Church Nobody Knows. It would be a community church, undenominational and without doctrine (the Catholics, of course, are omitted from this harmonious synthesis); more important, almost without sermons and services. There would be plenty of music; the church would always be open for rest, meditation, and prayer; and the day would begin, for the whole community, with prayer broadcast by a sort of Vitaphone to home and schools and offices. Religion would be as natural and regular a part of life as breathing, and the principal activity of the church would be welfare work, physical, economic, mental, and spiritual.

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That, one may agree with the author, is a pretty fair outline of what the church ought to be. Some of the details have been omitted from the above summary, but never mind them; for this Church Nobody Knows is, one must fear, the Church Nobody Will Ever Know. Not until some divinely sent pestilence carries off every bishop, every minister, every deacon, every church trustee, and every president of a Ladies' Aid Society over night. The right kind of men, says Mr. Barton, do not often go into the ministry any more; which is undeniable. But men who have gone into the ministry and risen high in it are not likely to see anything so dreadfully wrong about an institution in which men like themselves have risen to power. To borrow William James's extreme statement of the case—Great changes would occur if the Pope turned Presbyterian; but a man likely to turn Presbyterian will never be elected Pope.

One may give three hearty if rather hopeless cheers for Mr. Barton's project of a reform in church polity and practise; it would be a great thing for the church, the nation, and the individual; but don't put your money on it yet. Kirsopp Lake divides contemporary clergymen into three classes—Fundamentalists, Modernists, and Institutionalists; and in most churches the Institutionalists seem to hold the balance of power. Consider the current proceedings at Lausanne. A good many churches are unwilling to give up their sanctified peculiarities for the sake of Christian unity; so, at this writing, the Conference on Faith and Order is behaving like the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armament—it is accepting everything in principle and leaving everything in practice about as tangled as before. Declarations vague and broad are formally adopted, with the reservation that they may be interpreted in practice according to taste; which means, if the vague declarations of principle mean anything, that you can interpret black as white for the sake of harmony and Christian truth. Church unity is an admirable ideal, but to attain it you must sacrifice either time-hallowed doctrines or intellectual integrity. It must be said for the Church that it has never hesitated for one moment, when confronted with that choice.

* * *

The future of the Church, however, is only a part of Mr. Barton's theme. The book, one reads, was written in answer to a series of questions from a prosperous business man—one of these big, brusque, straight-from-the-shoulder-and-no-nonsense executives. He asks, Would the world be better or worse off if it abolished religion; has the church done more harm than good; of the various religions now extant which is the best?—to all of which Mr. Barton returns the expected answers, on the obvious grounds. To persons of his turn of mind, his arguments will be convincing; this reviewer did not find them holeproof, but then this reviewer is not a big, prosperous business man. One wonders how the earnest inquirer was satisfied with the answer to his fourth question—"What few simple things, if any, can a business man believe?" A question reasonable enough: and so is his proviso that Mr. Barton's answer must not "creep up behind my reason through the back door of my emotions." In reason, not in emotion, what can a man believe?

Mr. Barton, unlike Aquinas and other theologians, does not begin his answer by assuming God as an act of faith. "It is not our business habit to begin thinking with what is farthest off and most difficult to prove. We start with what we know. That is the way business is built up." We know, to begin with, that Man exists and has intelligence; now comes the act of faith—"Because I am, I believe God is; because I have intelligence, there must be Intelligence behind the universe. Why? Because otherwise the universe has created something greater than itself, for it has created me; and the assumption that the lesser can produce the greater does violence to my common sense." Here, obviously, we leave the solid rock of induction and stand upon the somewhat unsteady footing of formal logic, and Mr. Barton appears to feel that it is a little shaky. For he leans back instantly on Paley's argument from design, the watch that implies a watchmaker, for corroboration; Paley brought up to date, of course, an evolving watch and an evolutionary watchmaker. And, it being more reasonable to suppose that God made the universe than that it just happened, what sort of God is He?

Well, says Mr. Barton modestly, He must be at least as good as Bruce Barton; "I do not hesitate to ascribe my own best attributes to God." Omar Khayyam, who also pondered these matters, came to a somewhat different conclusion; one cannot help wondering whether the difference is a question of reason or of emotion. And such a God implies immortality; for would God set Man going, let him believe he is going somewhere, induce him to get up quite a state of mind about the incidents of the journey, and then let him discover at last that he was going nowhere after all? Bruce Barton wouldn't; nor, it seems to him, would God.

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All this is the commonplace of Modernist theology; Mr. Barton's original contribution is the climactic high-pressure exhortation that clinches the sale. "This book has established the intelligent man's right to believe. One last thought remains to be added. It is this: Not only has an intelligent man a right to believe, he is cheating himself if he does not exercise that right." God is good business; what further argument can any man want?

For faith, Brother Barton truly observes, removes mountains; "it is the creed of the men who have built big things. They do not buy bonds; they buy common stocks in order to share in the growth of the country." Cosmos Common has been quoted rather low of late years, but Bruce Barton thinks it is a good buy. So, after hammering in the value of faith and the ruinous consequences of unbelief, he Gives the Invitation, as the evangelists used to put it, but gives it in the idiom of today:

> Since faith will do so much, and the lack of it is so destroying, why not believe? What does one lose by accepting the positive side of the argument and acting on its impulse? What can one lose that is anything in comparison with the gain?

* * *

There you are, brother; the dotted line is before you and the freshly filled fountain pen is in your hand; sign and be happy ever after. In that same tone, in almost those very words, one has heard the "lecturer" pouring forth the invitation in a Florida development, while salesmen worked the aisles just as God's salesmen do it in a Billy Sunday revival; the invitation to buy lots in a wonder city that was a swamp six months ago, and is destined in another six months to be a swamp once more. Bruce Barton would say that it reverted to swamp only because not enough people had faith—the faith to put in their money and enable the developers to go ahead with the development. Mean-spirited persons, the sort of persons who would rather buy five per cent bonds in what seems probable than common stock in Bruce Barton's Cosmos Development Corporation, might say that there is no sense in trying to make a wonder city out of what is naturally a swamp. Your preference between these answers is probably dependent on your liver and your ductless glands; you will find plenty of evidence in Florida, and in the Universe, to support you in either one.

However, it cannot be denied that Mr. Barton is a master of selling approach. Even if one doesn't believe it, "what can one lose that is anything in comparison with the gain?" Not a thing, except possibly one's self-respect. And in these days of gang thinking and high-pressure persuasion, self-respect is as out of fashion as sales resistance.

# Marriage Taboos

THE MYSTIC ROSE: A Study of Primitive Marriage and of Primitive Thought in Its Bearing on Marriage. By A. E. Crawley. Revised and greatly enlarged by Theodore Bestermann. New York: Boni & Liveright. 2 vols. 1927. $10.

Reviewed by C. K. Ogden

THE death of Mr. A. E. Crawley before he had completed the revision of his famous work, which has elicited praise from such divergent viewpoints as those of Havelock Ellis, Malinowski, Reinach, Rivers, and Westermarck was a serious loss to general anthropology. The two volumes now revised and enlarged by Mr. Bestermann are devoted to the accumulation of evidence for the view with which Mr. Crawley's name is chiefly associated—the explanation of sexual customs, and of marriage customs in particular, in terms of taboo. Sex, he maintains, is something mysterious to primitive man; and therefore something dangerous. And where mystery and danger affect social customs, there is no knowing what queer things we may find.

The food of a Fijian chief may not be carried by boys who have not been tatooed. Jewish weddings are universally celebrated under a canopy. In Persia, marriage by proxy is the rule, and so forth. Certainly most of us would never discover for ourselves half the well-considered trifles garnered in books like 'The Mystic Rose;" still less their connection with so prosaic a ceremony as marriage.

But the inquiry takes us farther afield, even into the heart of grammar! For the fact, however, that in Japan, female writing has a different syntax from that of men, and the Japanese use two alphabets, one for either sex, we are referred to I. L. Bird (1880) and P. F. von Siebold (1841) respectively. Is it possible that so surprising a feature of the civilization of one of the great World Powers has not been the object of further significant literature in the last half century?

* * *

Such linguistic oddities are indeed amongst the most remarkable that Mr. Crawley's researches have brought to light. Thus, as regards names, if a Hindu wife so much as dreams of her husband's name her sin "will inevitably lead him to an untimely end." If a Kaffir woman uses any word which contains the sounds of the names of her husband or his relatives she is punished with death; and the prohibitions are naturally so numerous that the women have to invent special vocabularies, with the result that the men do not understand the *ukuteta kwabapzi*, or "women's language." Nor must we forget the widespread taboos on the words which may not decently be uttered in female society, the practice of exchanging names in order to seal friendship, and the change of names at puberty. In all such word-magic the mother-in-law naturally plays a rôle of peculiar importance.

Very curious is the solicitude which causes parents to change their names on the birth of a child; in particular, to take the name of the first. Some Australians even change their names at the birth of every child, both fathers and mothers. In Madagascar parents will assume the names of such of their children as rise to eminence in the public service, which as Mr. Crawley remarks, is due to pride rather than the more usual motive of taking under protection that part of the loved one which is most vital to his wellbeing—the name.

The editor has done his work well, though it is doubtful whether Mr. Crawley himself would not have paid more attention to Dr. Malinowski's important contributions to *Psyche* which are now available in book form. The revised Bibliography and Index occupy over seventy pages, and the format of the whole is pleasing and convenient.

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# Life and Adventure

GALLION'S REACH. By H. M. TOMLINSON. New York: Harper & Bros. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

AFTER all it takes a good man to write good prose, and if he can do it, if he can get into phrase and rhythm those moments, those scenes, reflections that give the sense of living, if he can make his words transmute instantly into images or felt emotion, then he is a writer to be loved and respected without reference to current moods and modes. This is worth saying because, with our lively interest in all the new experiments in writing now under way in every great literary capital, there is a real danger that the reader as well as the critic will forget that novelty is not the best test of good writing and that if a sound writer does not experiment with broken scenes and clipped sentences it may be because he does not have to.

Tomlinson is certainly one of the best writers of narrative prose now practising in English. He is more uneven than C. E. Montague or Booth Tarkington, not so sure in his phrasing as Willa Cather, but in sheer beauty of imagery, in magic where magic belongs, and power where power is needed, he has no superior. He is not a young man, but one feels also that he is not mature, either. His great novel is still to come. His prose is not experimental but his stories are. His best books have been sketches or scenes interwoven. Even in "Gallion's Reach" he shows signs of strength unexpended in a great story powerfully conducted, which here flows into episodes and is dammed there. He still, like all writers of the sea in our time, is under the strong spell of Conrad. Not essentially like Conrad, he still chooses stories that Conrad might have written, lifts his characters into place as Conrad might have lifted them, although afterward they act upon their own.

* * *

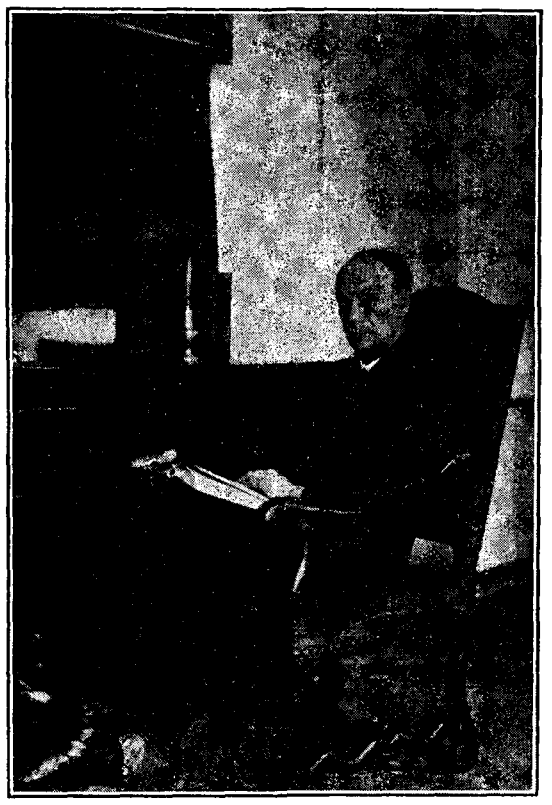
"Gallion's Reach" is none the worse for its Conradian flavor, now that we have no Conrad. It begins with a restless brooding mind such as Conrad loved, and there never fails in the story those quick contacts between soul and soul which transform a mere moment on a quiet ocean into something significant as life itself. But Conrad's men lived to brood and Tomlinson's brood to live. His hero is no wounded soul but a happy youngster whose only complaint is that the smug industrial world of London is drawing him away from life, is hiding the real, whatever the real may be. Longing to escape he does not know what escape can be, and so when almost casually he kills his employer by an indignant blow, he wanders toward the waterfront of London through a midnight as obscure and tortuous as his own craving, and comes at last to Gallion's Reach where the ships sail for the East.

This killing breaks a man's life in two and sets a problem. It is the beginning of a novel which Tomlinson never ends. For to this author endings are not important: it is not what a man does, it is what he experiences that counts. Only the mechanically minded (so he might urge) will be interested in what an ex-clerk, ex-murderer will do when, having escaped from his old life, he returns to his old world to make a new one. It is the sudden release that is interesting, the vision of the reality of pain while he rocks in an open boat lost in the Indian Ocean, the fresh reality of the possessive instinct when in the wilderness of Malaysia his prospector friend makes an Odyssey of a search for tin, the reality of honor and the moral obligation to befriend the weak when he throws away wealth to save a helpless man, the sudden comprehension of a sensory fineness in a Chinese merchant which makes his own touch seem gross.

And so, to tell the story of "Gallion's Reach" is to tell of adventure the conclusion of which is spiritual, the conduct of which is irrelevant except to the psychology of one man. It is a book of scenes —the London night, a thrilling narrative with suspense in every sentence and a brooding meaning upon every word; the shipwreck, all done with bold single lines like an etching; the East, epitomized in phrases beautiful with an art that is never self-conscious; the haunted forest of Malaysia. If there is any dissatisfaction on the part of the reader, it is not with the adventures, nor the description, nor the characters, it is only that we are not content with revelation, we desire an end, a solution, a final resting place of the spirit, such as Conrad would have given, not a stopping place when the hero has seen what he needs to save his soul.

And if Tomlinson has stopped, it is, partly, I think, that to have concluded the story he had chosen would have meant to have come closer to the manner of Conrad than his own independence permits.

Tomlinson is only beginning. His instrument of style is ready for great ends, which will not be, one suspects, the moods of psychological romance. "Gallion's Reach" is perhaps the last of his pre-war self that broke from London to adventure up the Amazon, that savored strange experience in beautiful places. This is very probably the last book of the school of Conrad which will be worthy of comparison with the stories of the master of the writers of that sea and that Orient which rose when Kipling's sank. We shall see what we shall see when Tomlinson writes of the War, whose psychological intensities he knew as did few others. There will be beauty there too and adventure, but no pausing at the final secret's rim.



H. M. TOMLINSON

# A Tale of Australia

THE SOWER OF THE WIND. By RICHARD DEHAN. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL

RICHARD DEHAN is not an unfamiliar name; masking the identity of Clotilde Inez Mary Graves, it has, since 1910, been signed to many novels and collections of short stories. These productions have seldom been of permanent value, and most of them are by now hardly remembered. And yet in this new novel she turns out a preliminary exposition of seventy-odd pages that has fire and powerful imagination. Such writing, could it be sustained, would quickly assure fame. But (confound the eccentricities of the creative brain!) she soon goes into a highly flavored and thoroughly preposterous romance that knocks silly all pretensions of her novel to consistent excellence. There are reassuring flashes of force and high imagination throughout the rest of the story, but thereafter it never breaks its shackles of fundamental incredibility. Always she is inventive and refreshingly unsentimental, to be sure, with an eye for effective local color and a gratifying sense of individuality in character. If only there had not been the fatal blunder!

The story is of many-sided conflict in a pearl-fishers' settlement in remote Western Australia. We find the Roman Catholic mission that seeks salvation for the outlying savage tribes; the cruel trader and ex-chiropodist, Barboas, who makes enemies but ignores them in his successful commerce; the indefinite scum of the waterside, racially mongrel, unpleasant to the eye and nose; and lastly the servants of Barboas, faithful beyond reason. But the great error of the story, the blow that smashes the faith of the reader, is the introduction of Safra Ferguson, a pure aboriginal who, taken from her kindred by a female scientist, has been moulded and trained to conform with American civilization. We cannot accept the character of this polished savage as Richard Dehan gives it to us. It is utterly incredible.

In spite of this essentially false note, "The Sower of the Wind" is an arresting novel. There are countless touches of color, many pages of adept narrative and boldly imaginative suggestions of exoticism. At times it seems as if the weight of excellence would overbalance the bulk of the meretricious. Perhaps it will do so for many readers. Surely the story is unusual, vivid, and often boldly conceived—no one can deny that. The pity is that it might so easily have approached within hailing distance of literary distinction.

# Library Essays

A BOOK FOR BOOKMEN. By JOHN DRINKWATER. New York: George H. Doran. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN MACY

ENGLAND is rich in literary men, major or minor—I do not know what the difference is—who know how to write charmingly about books. I could name twenty living connoisseurs who give distinction and flavor to the English reviews and, with the assistance of a few equally fine-grained Americans, to the American reviews. These library gentlemen may be very active creative artists, like Mr. Drinkwater, like Arnold Bennett when he was Jacob Tonson. They have scholarship and vast information without pedantry. They are industrious and inquisitive and get their day's work done, yet find time to loaf among books as if time did not exist, or as if every day could be stretched with comfortable indolence to at least twenty-five hours. When they are not browsing idly in bookshops or the British Museum they have endless hours to sit by the fireside with their feet on the fender, contemplating an acknowledged classic or a half forgotten poet, and they seem to have a necromantic power to summon to the easy chair a miraculous messenger with a mysterious volume. If they in the flesh haunt book-auctions, they are in the spirit haunted by the spirits of books. And they are high-spirited, gay, smiling about it all. My dear fellow, it is just like Kenneth Grahame's water-rat messing about in boats, messing about in books. Did you happen to know that Coleridge changed this line eighteen times, or it may have been nineteen? There is a chap over at Oxford who knows all about it. Isn't it jolly? Just messing about in books? I got this copy from Quarsmith. Only four and six. Worth more. Quarsmith knew it. But he knew I wanted it and rather took a fancy to my having it. Tight old fellow, half-Jew half-Scotch. But he does love books and is very generous, really very generous.

The sense of leisure, the sense that literature is to be enjoyed and not frowned over, the feeling that you can learn much by lying back and letting information come to you, that it is not the better part of wisdom to have the sweat of your brow dripping upon enchanted pages, spoiling both the paper and the thought—all this is the attitude, the soul of the bibliophile. Mr. Drinkwater has it perfectly. He quite calmly gets you excited about a third-rate poet who does not matter in the literature of the ages but may matter a great deal as a personal experience, if you happen to encounter him as Mr. Drinkwater did and as Mr. Drinkwater with naïve cunning, a child-like sophistication, coaxes you to reencounter him.

And then with a casual glance at some obscure thing he puts subtle poison into you and makes you mad to go out and buy all the rare books in the world, when you have only three dollars in your pocket and owe more than that to the grocer. A dangerous fellow, this Drinkwater, more threatening to the economic life of England than all the futile pother about Russian propaganda. (And America suffers intellectually with England.) He is trying to make us who are already broke go broker. And Mr. Keynes and the League of Nations and the International Convention of Bankers cannot help us.

Curses on such a fellow! It is he who sows the seeds of discontent in the very act of administering an opiate fireside tranquillity. (Mixed metaphors can be as mixed as they like, for that mixture is life and literature.) The moralists in Boston need waste no constabulary energy on silly modern novels. They should suppress Drinkwater. He may make somebody take a book out of the Atheneum or provoke an addition to one of those rich private collections (I happen to know about two) which will

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*ultimately go to the Atheneum or the Boston Public Library. And one that I have heard of destined to Harvard. The crafty Bolshevik! Let Drinkwater never come to this country again. He is a foxy spy, agent-provocateur. And I make a personal charge against him to be lodged with the British Government, the United States Customs Department, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Books. He has ruined my library. Since I read his book I have looked over my poor confused, cheap, miscellaneous collection. But hold. Ha, ha! I have Cory's "Ionica," not of course the first but the reprint of 1891. And what is more I have read it. I read it as a boy before anybody heard of Drinkwater. Damn him!*

# The Grand Tour in 1435

PERO TAFUR: TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES. Translated and edited with an introduction by MALCOLM LETTS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by HELEN MCAFEE

WHAT inspired a publishing house in this year of 1927 to issue Pero Tafur's Travels in an English translation? The author, a well-to-do young Spaniard born in Cordova, who set out for Jerusalem in 1435 and took the occasion to see as much of the rest of the world as he could, was neither a rogue nor a gay dog nor a sophisticated amateur nor a sensation-monger nor yet a prematurely disillusioned youth seeking to win his soul back to civilization by the devious ways of the primitive. He visited Venice, which he describes in all its fifteenth-century magnificence, and Rome, which he describes in all its fifteenth-century squalor, and he saw a good deal of high life in Constantinople, Cairo, Brussels, Vienna, and other capitals, but if he paid visits to the brothels of these cities, he failed to immortalize them in this narrative. It has few lurid details to commend it to present taste.

And Tafur has no sense of publicity. He appears either unable or unwilling to impress the reader properly with the inconvenience and hazards of sight-seeing in the Near East before the day of the Orient Express, when a journey to Palestine, then under an aggressively hostile power, was in the nature of a severe, if exciting, penance. It is with a quite unsentimental impersonality that he tells how he risked his life several times (once it was to penetrate the forbidden Mosque of Omar in disguise, once to rescue Christian slaves at the Dardanelles); how his ship was pursued by Moorish corsairs off Rhodes and was wrecked by a storm off Chios; how he carried through a delicate diplomatic mission from the King of Cyprus to the Sultan of Egypt; how he made the terrible caravan journey across the desert to Mt. Sinai, and how he was kidnapped ("with great discourtesy") and imprisoned in a mountain castle near Mainz. He was well received by a number of potentates, in person, among them the Emperor of Trebizond, the Grand Turk Murad II—he seems just to have missed the Grand Khan of Tartary—Philip the Good, Filippo Maria Visconti, Albert of Hapsburg "King of the Romans," and his consort Elizabeth, who decorated him with the Order of the Dragon, Pope Eugenius, Sultan Malik al-Ashraf, and John VIII Palæologus, Emperor of Constantinople, whose figure as Tafur saw him is known to us in Benozzo Gozzoli's fresco, and who seems to have recognized the younger adventurer as a distant kinsman. Tafur was also rather lucky in turning up in the right place at the right moment. He was in Rome for Lent, got a special inside view of a military show in Cairo, and witnessed the ceremony of the Marriage of the Sea at Venice and the election of a Grand Master at Rhodes. But all this he takes in his stride, avoiding picturesque adjectives, constantly cautioning himself against exaggeration, seldom indulging in a burst of emotion except when he is moved by memories of the "bestiality" of Tartary or the incomparable splendor of Venice.

Finally, this account of life in 1435-1439, which was first printed from an eighteenth-century manuscript in Spanish fifty years ago, does not appear to be an historical hoax; the events and people mentioned by Tafur are all checked up with authentic sources in the ample notes. It is merely a true story of a normal, roving young extrovert of the fifteenth century with an especial interest in rulers and international trade—a type somewhat out of fashion at the moment, though another five hundred years may bring it round again. In the meantime, there is pleasure in these bristling pages—offered in smooth translation and in good type—for those who like to fill out their outlines of history with social pictures as bright and sharp as the painted scenes on old Italian *cassoni*.

# The Philosophy of Wells

H. G. WELLS, EDUCATIONIST. By F. H. DOUGHTY. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by E. PRESTON DARGAN
University of Chicago

SINCE the publication of Van Wyck Brooks's "The World of H. G. Wells" (1915), there has probably been, in English, no better setting forth of the Wellsian scheme than the above volume. The title is slightly misleading. Only one-third of the book is concerned with education in the scholastic sense; but the greater part of it deals with the formation of the ideal citizen's mind and with the "mind of the race." Wells himself has been interested in education mainly in so far as it prepares the adolescent brain for the conception of the World State.

As regards training, he has some right to speak of himself as an "old and seasoned educationist." He went through the scientific mill at London University and in the laboratories of South Kensington —an experience in which several of his heroes followed him. He achieved degrees, honors, a teaching scholarship. He informs us that he actually "taught biology for two or three years." And he wrote frequent contributions for the professional journals of the time.

"Once a pedagogue, always a pedagogue," says Mr. Connes in his "Etude sur la Pensée de Wells." The schoolmaster has lost no opportunity for hammering in his own doctrine. But he has distrusted other schoolmasters, from Woodrow Wilson to Walpole Stent. Some fifty of them, according to Mr. Doughty's list, appear in the collected works, and they are increasingly prominent in the last decade of Wells's productivity. The majority of them are futile personages; the only good ones are the genuine elementary "teachers," rather than upper-class school-masters. Little in the British system of instruction finds favor in Wells's purview. First of all he condemns the vacuums and morasses associated with the teaching of "Education" as a subject. Then he gives fresh directions for the bringing up of small children. Then he indicts the private school for youngsters, especially as conducted by such impostors as the lethargic and symbolic Mr. Sandsome. Then he criticizes the "public schools," because they turn out athletic, carefully polished, classically drilled, and essentially empty-minded products. The same reproaches attach to Oxford and Cambridge and to their American counterparts. As devices for standardizing pleasant clubmen, such super-factories may have their merits. But what do they inculcate concerning the urgent needs of the world we live in? In short, the Age of Confusion is worse confounded by its "dons" and their methods.

A man who has risen from the lower middle class, whose mind has progressed from biology, through socialism, to world-politics, will naturally be impatient of the public-school *cachet*. A man trained under Huxley will not reverence Jowett. The study of crystals has displaced the correction of quantities. Wells's ideal as a teacher was Sanderson of Oundle, an educational "sport" who subordinated classes and courses, who sent his pupils forth to make first-hand contact with creative industries and agriculture—and who was generally damned for his pains. Clissold's ideal University is a collection of Institutes for Research, with little formal lecturing, but with earnest conferences of the zealots in each field. And teachers of this type, broad-minded "experts," shall become the leaders of mankind.

In preparation for this ideal, Wells's favored elementary curriculum included (in 1903) the three R's, English culturally taught, drawing and painting, some foreign languages, knowledge of contemporary life; but in 1921 mathematics are to be pushed much farther, at least three modern languages are to be thoroughly taught, history and geography are given a prominent place—and the sciences are subsumed. Such is the effect of the World War upon his scheme. The relation of Wells's thought to biology, the new psychology, and ethics, is worked out by Mr. Doughty. Wells "believes in the future of mankind." He believes also that this future is largely in the hands of the teachers of the rising generation. As an intellectual midwife, the teacher should assist in the birth of ideas; but they must be legitimate ideas, engendered in lawful wedlock by the promoters of the World State.

Now Mr. Doughty demonstrates that the Wellsian educational scheme has changed in accordance with a deep change in his own nature dating from even before the World War. The essential duality in Wells is that of the artist and the preacher. The former dominated at least through "Tono-Bungay;" he was interested in individual quirks, in light and shade, in humor and passion. The latter loses his artistry and his humor and seeks to convert us to the idea of a new and necessary order. Mr. Doughty maintains that as long as education *per se* received Wells's attention, he had in the main a true vision; that "Mankind in the Making," for example, is a "solid, reasoned, and reasonable contribution to the theory of education;" but that when terrestrial affairs impressed Wells as a "race between education and catastrophe," the former was then thwarted and twisted from its proper functioning—the development of children—and made merely an element in the propaganda for the World State. And Mr. Doughty further doubts whether the Wellsian theory of progress is sufficiently assured for us to group social institutions around it.

From the strictly educational standpoint, these doubts are probably well-founded. The real issue, however, lies deeper. For one thing, the question of the *necessity* of Progress may well be separated from the question of its development, historically considered. It is a matter of urgency. If Wells is laboring under a "Messianic delusion," as Mr. Mencken insists, if no catastrophe is imminent, or if there is no drift towards an organized comity in world-affairs, then every "educationist" had as well continue simply to cultivate his garden. But if, as many thoughtful people assure us, the lessons of the Great War still need to be driven home, there is room for every brain in the effort. Order and cumulative direction and even Good Will may now exist to such an extent that they may and must be fostered. "To such a task," said Wilson ten years ago, "we can dedicate our lives and fortunes."

Wells at any rate has chosen for this dedication. In him the "white passion of politics" is still working as fiercely as in his hero, Remington. If we can only forget a little his impatient girdings at his fellow-reconstructionists, his views on sex, and his distortions of history, we may accept him in his true rôle as a social prophet of force and vision. A fine novelist has been lost in the process. But perhaps that too was a necessary evolution.

Writing in *John O'London's Weekly*, "Colophon" says, "that the recent case of M. Paul Valéry is not the first time that the ordinance which requires each new member of the French Academy to pronounce an oration upon the previous holder of his seat has confronted a new member with the painful necessity of delivering a public eulogy upon a man he detests. M. Paul Valéry, a poet in the severely classic tradition, did not like Anatole France, the previous tenant of the seat M. Valéry now occupies, and, although the custom of the Academy made it impossible to be openly derogatory, his oration was full of hardly-veiled sarcasm. Here is one of the things he said about Anatole France: 'My illustrious predecessor would not have been possible or even tolerable in any other country but France, from whom he took his name—a name extremely difficult to carry and which it took great hopes to assume.'"

*The Saturday Review*
of LITERATURE

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Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President, Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President, Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year; postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. IV. No. 6

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# "Wolfe, Wolfe!"

NEWS OF THE DEVIL. By HUMBERT WOLFE. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1927. $1.50.
LAMPOONS. By HUMBERT WOLFE. New York: George H. Doran. 1927. $1.50.
KENSINGTON GARDENS. By HUMBERT WOLFE. The same.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

NOW that, hearing a few of the critical shepherds, all the uncritical sheep are beginning to cry "Wolfe, Wolfe!" it may be amusing to account for the belated bleatings. This will be complicated for the American reader, for Mr. Wolfe's volumes have appeared on this side of the Atlantic in any but chronological order. "Lampoons" was published in England at least a year before "News of the Devil" (which preceded the former here by a twelvemonth); the extraordinary "The Unknown Goddess" post-dated "Lampoons" in actual inception by more than two years; while "Kensington Gardens," now suddenly presented as a discovery, was, with the exception of the juvenile "London Sonnets" and the slightly less zymotic "Shylock Argues with Mr. Chesterton," Wolfe's first bid for plaudits.

Nevertheless we have had (including that strangely sentimental *tour de force*, "Humoresque") five volumes by this fecund poet and a wholly serious sixth, "Requiem," is to appear this autumn. What is the composite picture presented by the quintet? What are the strongly as well as the subtly defined features of the Wolfeian idiom? The surface characteristics are modern and obvious: an unusual delicacy of attack; a fondness for the "off-color" or "suspended" rhyme; a swift surety of technique; a touch that is staccato but somehow lingering; above all, a quaintly individualized charm that delights to play brightly in the minor keys and improvise nostalgically on a set of what started to be major chords. It is this contradiction which characterizes even the most affirmative of his volumes, an indetermination from which Wolfe seems unable to escape.

The poet cannot make up his mind whether to write sentimentally or satirically; whether to be Shylock, Chesterton, or the tragic Pierrot; whether to be the last of an old tradition of lyricists or the first of a new generation of ironists. As a result he is all of these in quick succession, often, indeed, at the same time. "Humoresque," the least remarkable poetically, is the most rewarding as a study of this paradoxical ambidexterity. In "The Unknown Goddess" the poem "Iliad" is as memorable a set of stanzas about poetry as was ever written, firmer and finer edged than O'Shaughnessy's "Ode;" and this is followed by half a dozen fragilities composed entirely of whipped cream and a spun-sugar *Weltschmerz*. "Lampoons" is the one volume which is undeviating in attitude; and even here, one suspects, only the stringency of the title and the brevity of the contents prevented the author from becoming charming about Lloyd George or oddly mystical concerning the Labor Party. Within the limitations of his quatrains Wolfe's touch-and-go epigrams are sharp and scintillant as any fencer's thrust. There is no faltering, no superfluous preparation, no waste motion in strokes as agile as:

ARNOLD BENNETT
ART is long, life short, save when it
is applied to Arnold Bennett,
whose Art was aimed (unless we wrong her)
to prove that life's a d——d sight longer.

or as neatly double-edged as:

G. K. CHESTERTON
Here lies Mr. Chesterton,
who to heaven might have gone,
but didn't, when he heard the news
that the place was run by Jews.

These lightly despatched cartoons are always tipped with the barb of satire but they are feathered with good will. In "News of the Devil" the feather is shortened, the point notched and, whenever the poet forgets his sometimes too conscious craftsmanship, envenomed. This lengthy poem-pamphlet is, in spite of the inevitable Wolfeian lapses into verbal prettiness, as savage a hymn of hate as has been chanted since Ernst Lissauer's, possibly since Byron's. It is a performance that will be welcomed, especially by those for whom his milk of human kindness has sometimes grown too thick. Wolfe's object of animus is the newspaper syndicate, his Cain seems to be a composite of Hearst, Northcliffe, and Beaverbrook. Curiously enough, "News of the Devil" remains true to its theme and departs from it simultaneously. It begins, appropriately, in the tone of journalistic verse (clinched couplets, trick rhyming, etc.), but before the poem has reached its coda we are breathing rarefied air. Somehow Wolfe has surmounted his antagonism; and the reader, taken by degrees of surprise, has ascended with him.

"Kensington Gardens," though apparently more particular, is far less special. The least ambitious of Wolfe's volumes, it is sure to become his most popular. It will be ransacked by composers seeking illuminated texts. Tanagras like "The Old Lady," "Lamb," "Tulip," "Lilac," "Speke," "Queen Victoria," and "Two Sparrows," will be borrowed to prove how sweet are the uses of anthologies. Several of these have already attained the kind of contemporary fame achieved only by wall-mottoes and week-end entertainers; but "The Rose," "Trebizond, Jonah, and the Minnows," "The Albert Memorial," and "The Young Man," still await their discoverer. I quote the first of these:

THE ROSE
Why should a man
'though six foot tall,
think he matters
at all, at all?

and, though he live
for seventy years,
does he suppose that
anyone cares?

Rather let me
to him propose
the flushed example
of the rose,

who, with her dazzling
inch of scant,
a summer's day
weighs imminent

upon the spirit
entranced, and goes
richer with that
than he with those.

This is Wolfe, the flower and the essence, all compact. The mildly ironic undercurrent, the not quite detached bitter-sweet overtone, the gift of exact yet fanciful epithet ("the flushed example of the rose," "her dazzling inch of scent"), the faint artifice which keeps the language from being either rhetorical or realistic—all disclose themselves in twenty miniature lines. The opening image of "The Grey Squirrel" has a similar whimsical definiteness, but the play and precision quickly develop into one of Wolfe's neatest double thrusts. One thinks inevitably of—But no, this review intends to pay respects to Wolfe's smiling malevolences without once mentioning the name of Heine. The verses say it for themselves.

THE GREY SQUIRREL
Like a small grey
coffee-pot
sits the squirrel.
He is not

all he should be,
kills by dozens
trees, and eats
his red-brown cousins.

The keeper, on the
other hand,
who shot him, is
a Christian, and
loves his enemies,
which shows
the squirrel
was not one of those.

It is such a poem (emphasized, extended and varied by a hundred) that makes Wolfe the most exciting of the newer English lyrists. Notwithstanding his occasional thinning of material and softening of the dulcet tremolo, he will be read with quickened pulse if only for his curious combination of bland romanticism and angry wit. And, finding this, the reader will be rewarded by finding more and—if the future can be approximated by the past—still more.

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Inquiries are being made for the next-of-kin of the late G. J. Whyte-Melville, the famous sporting novelist, whose books were so popular with the last generation.

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# From an Inner Fever

A NEW TESTAMENT. By SHERWOOD ANDERSON. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by HAMISH MILES

IT is very easy to be deceived by a book like this. "Testament" is in itself an imposing word, in whichever sense one reads it. In that title there is the insinuation of something definitive, of a new order, a new dispensation, set forth for all to see. And the suggestions of the title are pushed a step further by the format of the book. It looks as if it might be the "Little Flowers" of St. Francis or the "Garden of the Soul"—red and black title, correctly Gothic headings, a spattering of neat rubrics, blue silk marker. It looks as if it might become the tried companion of one's meditative or midnight moments. It looks as if every reading, year after year, would bring out deeper, richer meanings, as if—but one should look closer before taking a testament at its face value.

"A New Testament" is a book of fragments. A certain number of them are brought together from "The Triumph of the Egg," but most of them appear for the first time. The publishers of the book are slightly on the defensive when they remark that by calling these new forms poetry, they lay them open to "the microscope of the precisionist critic and the carping conservative." But this is a pure matter of labels, and has little real meaning. It should be granted at once that the fragments have all the character of spontaneous and rhythmic expression which would entitle them to the label of "poetry." But there is no need to be unduly impressed by that fact. Poetry and sincerity may both be here. But they are not keys that will open every door: truth lies hid sometimes in places where a man must have more than these bare attributes if he is to discover it. And it is here that Anderson's claim to be laying forth a "testament," a statement of order and doctrine, falls short. The book is one of fragments. They have beneath them the vague unity of one voice, one rhythm, one persistent questioning and struggle, but not the real unity of consistent discovery. And fragments they remain.

But they remain highly characteristic of Anderson.

ONE WHO LOOKED UP AT THE SKY

It would be strange if, by a thought, a man could make Illinois pregnant.

It would be strange if the man who just left my house and went tramping off in the darkness to take a train to a distant place came here from a far place, came over lands and seas, to impregnate me.

There is a testament out of life to the man who has just left my presence. There is a testament to be made to a woman who once held me in her arms and who got no child. There is a testament to be made to this house, to the sunshine that falls on me, to these legs of mine clad in torn trousers, to the sea and to a city sleeping on a prairie.

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Diffuse and indeterminate, Anderson's ideas are never formulated to the satisfaction of a reader who is following him with *intelligence*, and not merely with an ear open to the filmy suggestions of a succession of loosely related images. Nor are they formulated to his own satisfaction. From first to last in these pieces, Anderson is a man groping in the thickets of his own words. For all the rhythmic beat of his phrases, the steady recurrence of these bare, stark images of pregnancy, of sex, of male and female, of cities and streets, the sense of Laocöon strivings—what happens? Does daylight flash suddenly through the forest? Does he ever rout his own phantoms? No: there is nothing but a rising tide of bewilderment. The bewilderment of this groping man is hidden at a first glance by the vivid sense of battling, sweating, physical effort which is conveyed by his spare, muscular words. But it is there, from first to last. The battle may be honorable, but it is without objective, undirected, baffled, protestant.

I have a passionate hunger to take a bit out of the now—the present. The now is a country to discover which, to be the pioneer in which I would give all thought, all memories, all hopes. . . . I would consume it quite. I would live my life in the present, in the now only.

For that purpose I would be ageless, impotent, potent, swift, a sluggish slow crawling worm, a singing rhythmical thing beating my wings, carried along for an instant in the flight of time. I would myself create a lull in the storm that is myself. If I am a stream gone dry, fill me with living waters. There is something stagnant in me. As I write, breathe, move back and forth in this room life is passing from me. Do you not see how I pass from one

present into another unknowing? I would leave nothing unknown. To live in the presence of the unknown is death to me.

That passage is from one of the longer fragments, "A Thinker." It is difficult to isolate quotations from a work like this with fairness, but it is typical enough of the essential insipidness which is unexpectedly revealed by Anderson when he dispenses with the solid framework of his storytelling. In the case of a novelist so significant as the author of "The Triumph of the Egg" or "Many Marriages," it is worth while entering a caveat against this barren mysticism of "A New Testament." It contains no revelation. It is a long hammering against a closed door. It is a mysticism of mere struggle, and not of enlightenment. Its neurotic violence is a counterpart of that other false mysticism which finds its devotees amongst those who are ready to abandon the discipline of human reason and institutions, to sink into swooning resignation, "in tune with the infinite." Both are dangerous, but Sherwood Anderson's the less so because he is so seldom persuasive. It is enough to turn for a few minutes from "A New Testament" to almost any page of "Leaves of Grass:" at once one realizes which comes from an inner flame, which only from an inner fever.

## A Catalogue of Ships

NAVIES and NATIONS. By HECTOR C. BYWATER. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1927.

Reviewed by THOMAS G. FROTHINGHAM
Captain, U. S. R.

THIS book is a "catalogue of ships" with a great deal of information as to the navies of the world since the Peace Treaty of 1919. The reader will find details of armament and armor, with explanations of the various types of warships and their functions. There are also interesting accounts of the different building policies and building programs, especially of the British Navy and the United States Navy, with their contrasting developments of the last few years. The reader will gain a vivid idea of the inordinate demands of a modern navy. These have been brought into being not only by the increase in the size of capital ships, but by the enormously increased flocks of auxiliaries of the Battle Fleet which are now regarded as necessary adjuncts for a navy.

Thinking in the old terms is no longer possible, and above everything stands out the multiplied cost of all types of ships—not only for their construction but for their maintenance. £7,000,000 a piece has been spent for the two most recent British battleships, and £540,000 is the annual bill for operating the huge battle cruiser *Hood*, the white elephant of the British Navy. These figures will give the average man a healthy prejudice against a "naval increase," and a corresponding sentiment in favor of the American doctrine of limitation of armaments. It is enough to read that "so long as the fleets are organized on the present system, there is no possibility of a reduction in the financial burden they entail, on the contrary there is every prospect of a further increase." *Absit omen!*

In regard to naval aims and objects, the author shares the usual trend of mind of the British naval writer, in apportioning these among the different navies along preconceived strategic lines. He is perhaps also influenced by his own writings in forecasting "next wars." It is strange that this has survived the experience of the World War, when all carefully laid out strategies were swept away in the flood.

* * *

For instance, pre-war deductions as to naval bases were at once upset. On the one hand, Kiaochau, the strongly fortified German naval base for which millions had been spent, was useless in the war. On the other hand, Admiral Spee's fleet of cruisers was assembled in the Pacific, by rendezvous from long distances and maintained itself with ease until Admiral Spee incautiously exposed himself to a superior force at Falkland Islands. If we keep the course of the World War in mind we will not subscribe to any conventionalized strategy for navies of the present day.

In citing the naval aims of the several nations, the British author, although absolutely friendly to the United States, cannot realize the entire lack of interest in "foreign policies" which is the characteristic of the American nation. For the British especially, foreign policies are so much the breath of their nostrils, that they are apt to look upon our acts as inspired by motives akin to their own. This tendency is apparent in the author's treatment of the Washington Naval Treaty. He cannot help thinking that the United States had aimed at naval leadership. He writes of the effect on Great Britain, if the United States "had persevered in her intention to achieve battleship primacy."

As the effect of the Washington naval conference for the limitation of armaments is the main theme of the book, Americans should keep a clear mind in reading his account. As a matter of fact, the great strength of the United States Navy was the result of the 1926 building program, which was adopted only after incroachments of the German Imperial Government had shown the need of a strong naval defense. This program put us ahead of Great Britain in naval power, because it comprised the sound construction of battleships, at the time when the British Navy was committed to the mistaken policy of building faulty battle cruisers, which did not add to the strength of the British Fleet. But no march had been stolen by the United States, and defense alone was our object. And so far were we from any trace of future aggressive aims, that a provision was inserted in the act of Congress for stopping construction, if this could be made possible by an adequate tribunal for international agreement.

This last is what the author does not realize, and the Washington Naval Treaty was thus a realization of our original idea, not a change of heart from an imperialistic naval policy. The reader of this book must also understand that a mistake is made when it states: "The United States, for example, has already demanded and obtained parity with us in battleships and aircraft-carriers." Instead of this, the true statement of the case is, the United States willingly gave up an assured naval superiority, and by thus doing gave Great Britain a parity.

But, in spite of thus looking at our motives through European glasses, this book is an argument for the undoubtedly good moral effect and material benefit of the American policy of naval disarmament, and its last paragraph is wise advice to the British nation: "Clearly, therefore, our true interest lies in promoting the cause of naval restriction by every means in our power."

## Critical Essays

GROTESQUES. By MARY CASS CANFIELD. New York: Harper & Bros. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

"GROTESQUES" is the title of Miss Canfield's initial essay, and not very applicable to most of her subjects. The majority of these subjects are persons or plays. The best perhaps are "Mrs. Asquith"—not pleasant but very pertinent—"I, Mary MacLane," "Mon Ami Pierrot," and "Eleonora Duse." Miss Canfield is clear and pungent, but, better than that, she has interpretive ideas,—ideas that get underneath and shine up, which is the essential of creative criticism. She has shown something unnoticed before about "Mary MacLane;" very deftly and subtly analyzed the "Pierrot" concept, if one may so call it; painted delicately and accurately the portraits of Duse and Mrs. Fiske; and asserted effectively that modern vaudeville is important and that it is an art.

This is a description of her books which, like every good book of critical essays, must find its fit audience and be appreciated by them. Instead of further analyses therefore, let us quote salient paragraphs:

> The grotesque, in its most naïve aspect, springs from a primitive love and fear of the unknown—a shuddering lust for the impossible. Art, Janus-faced, is either a celebration of reality or an escape from it: the passion for life as it is of a Balzac, or the opalescent, prophetic reverie of a Shelley. The grotesque, then, in its own cross-grained way, falls into the second category and is a denial of reality; it is a denizen of that unreal world so necessary to those whose feet are bruised by the hard road of fact. There are humans who must find wings or perish; some will even take to bats' wings. The grotesque is a twisted, fog-ridden forest in that Never-never-Land which is the home of those who find mortal flesh a prison.
>
> Across this unbelievable realm of the grotesque falls the shadow of fear. It is part of man's unending search for sensation that he should thus build phantoms to pursue himself with, that he should assure to himself, in this way, the emotion of terror. There is a primordial cell in our brains which responds fearfully to the abnormal. Even while we experience a delicious shiver of pleasure at our fright, something cries out in us before the grotesque, like a child in a nightmare. We are inclined to shout, "This is not true!" so as to reassure ourselves. We may laugh at the "worm" in Siegfried, trailing his green cotton folds and gleaming his acetylene eyes with such amazingly German literalness, but we shall not restrain a quiver of nerves at his entrance, a shock at his noisy unnaturalness. And yet what a persistent attraction lies for us in the inharmonious, and how we shudder at and still pore over the diabolic deformity of a stone gargoyle, the livid attenuated saints of El Greco, or the icily morbid fantasies of Edgar Allan Poe!

## Journalist and Artist

FRANCE. By SISLEY HUDDLESTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927. $5.

THE SOUTH AFRICANS. By SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1927. $3.50.

Reviewed by BARTLET BREBNER
Columbia University

IN a sort of machine-gun fire of very short sentences, Mr. Huddleston's book shoots at its reader over six hundred pages of information about France and the French, with a somewhat numbing effect. If the first three chapters be set aside as the historical hash which is apparently inevitable as introductory setting in a book of this sort, the remainder can be described as first-rate material for a newspaper library or as an admirable encyclopædia for the conscientious soul who wants the facts, let us say, before going to France to meet the French. Of course neither use is entirely foolproof. The French enjoy differing about themselves, and although the author does suggest alternative interpretations to his own, he cannot altogether escape the limitations imposed by his being the English Paris correspondent of liberal journals in Britain and America.

The journalist must at least seem to know most best, and Mr. Huddleston has obviously read the useful books about France as they came out. On the whole, indeed, he is perhaps more hospitable than a similar Frenchman would be to the kind of novel paradox or heresy which can prod complacency so sharply. Occasionally his remarks are general enough to apply to almost any land or any people, and his Englishry is strikingly obvious in his scorn for the way the French govern and finance themselves. It really seems to hurt him to see sacred parliamentary and financial institutions so abused. Moreover he writes pretty much as a Parisian and leaves us a good deal in the dark as to what the men of Lyon, Marseille, Bordeaux, and Lille really think of the Paris which for so many is France.

To sum up, the book is an honest, middle-course, bit of journalistic craftsmanship, apparently somewhat hurriedly written, with little pretence to style or charm except in scattered epigrammatic sentences; at the beginning ill-digested, but becoming most thoughtful and illuminating when it deals with France at Versailles and after. Novel restatements and pointed reminders of facts too often ignored somewhat relieve the tedium. Occasionally Mr. Huddleston has a marvelous temerity, witness "Nobody has any real sense of responsibility in France." Yet, curiously enough, he adds himself to the list of those who will not describe fully just what did happen to the French army in 1917.

"The South Africans" is literally a fascinating book, and it could be wished that all journalists might read it. This might ruin some good newspapermen, but it would be worth it if it did so by heartening them to answer again their higher callings. It is not only an ungrateful, but a very difficult task to sum up a nation's history, generalize about its people, and explain its present state, but here it is so simply and convincingly done as to make it seem easy, even in the case of South Africa, a country which is never able to be unaware of immanent and gigantic human issues. Reader and author are soon in an agreeable intimacy as they search in history and in present circumstance for a judgment on Trollope's assertion of fifty years ago that South Africa is, and will be, a country of black men. That brooding problem opens the book and gives it its unity, whether it be in discussion of farming, mining, politics, or sociology.

Perhaps the truest tribute that can be paid to this volume is that, having read it easily and delightedly, one closes it with an appreciation that weighty matters have been presented fearlessly, but in a pleasing and entertaining medium. There are crisp portraits of individuals like Rhodes and Smuts, or of the half dozen racial and linguistic types from Boer to Kaffir, and even the cities acquire individuality. There is almost no allusiveness, but much

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fresh, engaging directness which comes from simple words in the right places. The prose occasionally rises to poetry, as in translating the landscape to the page, or in the parable of the black man and the white near the end of the book. There are no purple patches. The general literary charm does a great deal towards winning the reader almost imperceptibly to the author's point of view, and this in a book which does not lack opinionated assertions. She also is able to avoid boring her reader by mountains of argument because her gravity and sincerity in selection are sufficient guarantee for her economy in facts.

Yet it is much easier to quarrel with the artist than with the craftsman. Inspiration is less arguable stuff than the details of unimaginative structure. Take the color question as an example. It is fairly presented here and properly begins with the fact that both white and Kaffir are invaders of South Africa and have together eliminated or transformed the earlier inhabitants. No aspect of the issue is totally neglected and it colors most of the book. Yet the author closes her eyes to the fact that the negro is as highly specialized for life in Africa as the white for that in Europe, and she does so because she is convinced that the black is inferior, backward, and strong enough to modify the white, in the South Africa which the white man's resources and civilization permit him to create.

The tragedy of the racial problem so permeates the book that it is easy to forget that it describes South Africa, its opportunities, and man's activities there, in a better than competent way. It is good to have such a picture of the youngest of the British Dominions (1921 being a misleading date for the Irish Free State) and to see how it fits into the world of today. Excellent photographs and good book-making help greatly this story of the land of the middle-class white. It seems safe to assume that the book will win many readers and that even the most ardent negrophile might put up with its doctrine for the sake of its artistry.

## France

(*Continued from page* 81)

such clippings—impressionistic, beautifully phrased, reflecting in instance after instance a futilitarian philosophy which implies that in an incoherent universe the surface life is the only tangible, and that to phrase its reflections beautifully is the highest good. It is, if you please, an esthetic provincialism which results in skeptic minds, doubtful of any ultimate values, and certain only of French taste and the French intellect. Weary of world ideas and world conflicts, an instinctive faith in the certain value of perfection no matter what is to be perfected keeps French literature going until energy shall again flow into sensitive brains overtaxed by brutal living. And this means until new minds fill the gaps of war.

France can never be silent, the lucid, logical French mind can never fail to analyze with a clarity not granted to us who use English, French invention must always experiment, and sometimes draw the world after it, but the energy of France for the moment is elsewhere. Not books but the green carpet of vines on the Mediterranean shore; not political ideas but the new industrialization of innumerable valleys; not poetry but expansion in Africa. The strong men are busy silently: the writers, like Paris itself in this year of 1927, while every hectaire blooms in the provinces and factories rise, are a little worn and discouraged, more than a little self-regarding and self-conscious, febrile not virile, skilful but not impressive. As Voltaire said in an earlier time of disillusionment, "Il faut cultiver notre jardin," and that, literally, is what France is doing now.

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An allusion here to Elyria, Ohio, some weeks ago, has brought this statement:—

Herman Ely of West Springfield, Massachusetts, while engaged in commerce with European countries and the East Indies, visited Paris in 1809—the year in which Austria ceded the Illyrian provinces to Napoleon. He attended the grand fête of Napoleon and Josephine at the Hotel de Ville in August, and in the following April was present at the marriage of Napoleon and Marie Louise in the chapel of the Tuilleries.

In 1816 he visited land owned by his father Justin Ely in the Connecticut Western Reserve and arranged for future settlement, contracting for a grist and saw mill and a log cabin, to be completed early in the following year. Returning with skilled workmen and laborers, he took possession of the log cabin in March, 1817, and called the new town Elyria, later naming the county Lorain.

## The Bowling Green

(In the absence of Mr. Morley we substitute for his columns these selections from a longer poem.)

## From a New Dunciad

*When King Ashoka ruled in Hindustan,*
*Beasts, we are told, could speak as well as man,*
*Which is not saying much in my opinion*
*For the intelligence of brute dominion.*
*But one day in those times an architect*
*Came into the chief city to inspect*
*The palace he was building. White as foam*
*Towered aloft the alabaster dome*
*Among the cypress-trees. The morning-ray*
*Made rich the lapis lazuli inlay*
*And blocks of porphyry and chrysopras.*
*Sudden a voice was heard. A little ass*
*Hard by exclaimed: "Lord, what a rotten stable!"*

* * *

(*The English critics migrate to America*)

UP rose a dunce with an affrightened eye.
"We must not lose an instant. We must fly.
"The situation goes from bad to worse,
"For even Chesterton can write a verse.
"But in America—" and at the word,
Delighted, multitudinous Duncedom stirred,
A whole new world before them, where to choose
Demi-virgin markets for their book-reviews.
"But in America," the dunce pursued,
"The Empire of the Critics is renewed.
"There a rough people, as the explorer tells,
"Read without thought the works of H. G. Wells—
"Natural enough, we may as well confess.
"Those novels were composed with even less.
"There realism has for flag unfurled
"The undergarments of the underworld;
"There anti-vice societies erect
"Memorials to Cabell and to Hecht;
"And virtue takes a questionable shape,
"Bacchante of the unfermented grape.
"There an enormous press its power exerts
"To tell untruth no matter whom it hurts,
"And in the general literary void
"We critics certainly shall be employed.
"Therefore I move you—." As on Tartary's plains
Wild asses cock their ears and shake their manes,
And with a raucous universal bray
Eviscerate night or devastate the day,
So did they all who penny-a-liners write,
And caught the Mauretania that night. . . .

(*With anguished hearts two American illiterati view the coming of their British rivals. Mencken combats Orage their leader*).

Then Mencken, by a secret sorrow stung,
His old wounds aching, answered the Anarch young.
"Nathan, while I have strength and fountain-pen
"To write at large of homo boobiens,
"While nothing more ingenuous youth diverts
"Than a terrific slaughter of stuffed shirts,
"And there is nothing in the common law
"Against the murder of a man of straw,
"While there are boys and I can hide from them
"The boob I am in the boob that I condemn,
"You and myself shall ever be secure
"In our snug rotary-club of literature.
"Shall all our undergraduate clientail
"In this the crisis of our fortune fail?
"Ann Arbor, Berkeley, Portland, Ore., reply
"In treble thunder: 'Not while the goose hangs high!'
"Why we grow classic. Now on every hand
"Our imitators burgeon in the land.
"For were we not the foremost to display
"To ill-bred youth how well bad manners pay?
"Hence Sophomorons every little while
"Follow in the steps of Mencken—and Carlyle.
"And Upton Sinclair's self grows envious
"In far Los Angeles when he thinks of us."

(*The leaders of the two hosts, Mencken and Orage, meet in combat. The spirit of the mob counsels the Goddess Dulness*)

"Harken my counsel, Goddess, lest you die,
"And cherish Mencken, my incarnate I.
"Nor let Orage's charm have too much sway.
"Orage is individual—in a way—
"Feels things at times, and nourishes obscure
"Notions of beauty and of literature,
"While Mencken feels toward authors and their works
"As an Armenian feels about the Turks,
"As colleges revere their benefactors,
"As Christian Scientists love Chiropractors.
"In him my virtues flourish in the waste,
"Crowd-passions masked as individual taste,
"Common-place desires, stray notions undersized,
"As noble idiosyncracy disguised.
"If proof were needed to award the gage,
"By the disciples you may know the sage.
"Think of the 'flaming youth' that own his power
"(Flaming like asbestos in a Tropic shower);
"Think of the ancient maids that bless his sway,
"(So far avancées as to be passées).
"Greedily they ignore without restraint
"Notions 'antiquity alone makes quaint,'
"Praise what he praises, what he condemns, condemn.
"I tell you Mencken means a lot to them.
"And he alone possesses strength and organ
"To be the authentic voice of Ochlogorgon."

(*After the battle a stable is prepared for the critics*)

The Spirit paused in the ungrateful task
Of praise, then said: "One favor I may ask.
"My critics, up and down this wide land sown,
"Require some sort of shelter of their own,
"Where all of their innumerable seed
"May talk about the books they do not read.
"And critics praise no others than themselves.
"And therefore, ere the red cock sounds his chime,
"Erect a stable for critics of the time,
"Of such superior altitude as clears
"The loftiest waggle or the longest ears.
"Furnish all necessaries in excess,
"A darnel-crusher and a thistle-press.
"For Mencken the stall-paramount provide,
"With Nathan's opera-box-stall close beside.
"See that no British Critic thither steals—
"Their clamor rivals not our native squeals,
"And all too delicate are their dainty heels.
"Almost they have some sympathy with man.
"This stable shall be on the American plan.
Like Ilium in the fable,
Stall beside stall, and gable above gable,
As to Amphion's lyre arose the Stable,
Crowned with a weather-cock upon the Tower of Babel.
And as it rose, a throng that never faltered
Of critics galloped in, new shod and haltered,
Drawn by magnetic force from far and near.
Their jaws were open. Waggled every ear.
The concourse thundered to the bray and gabble,
And Heywood Broun kicked up his heels at Cabell.
(Broun with a u, which goes as nicely with
His celebrated name as y with Smyth.)
There to the glee of many a lettered Moron
Van Doren brayed a blessing on Van Doren.
There Waldo Frank upraised the loud hosanna,
The pessimist allotrope of Pollyanna.
There came those shoe-lace-men of painting's mart,
Who tell the artist all about his art.
There colyumists foamed mildly on their curbs,
And Rosenfeld's appassionata blurbs
Flowed in the culverts like symphonic gin,
When in came Mencken and his heavenly twin.
Upon their bellies all the mob crouched down,
With triple bray, "Hail to the leaden crown."
Contemptuous, Mencken eyed the multitude,
And for the nonce open remark eschewed,
But merely muttered fiercely through his hat,
And took his regal seat. And that was that.
A mighty quiver of maternal pride
Rippled up and down in Dulness's inside.
A battered tag of Latin speech sublime,
(Transposed as usual for the sake of rhyme)
Formed on her lips, though whether pat or flat
I know not, *Finis opus coronat.* L. B.

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Edward Bradford Tichenor, one of the most noted experimental psychologists of America, and the author of numerous books which have taken place among the authoritative studies in his field, died recently. At the time of his death he was head of the Department of Psychology, at Cornell University.

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# Books of Special Interest

## Umbrian Annals

FRANCISCAN ITALY. By HAROLD ELSDALE GOAD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1926. $6.

Reviewed by J. M. EGAN
Dunwoodie Seminary

IT is Sabatier, I think, who said that the best document for the study of St. Francis is Umbria. Surely the exquisite correspondence between the scene and the spirit of the early Franciscan movement is inescapable, history and topography blending nowhere more fully. One praises Mr. Goad's book sufficiently by saying he has taken full advantage of the possibilities of this subject. Franciscan Italy he knows intimately and his Umbrian landscapes are peopled with vivid figures, St. Francis and his early companions, St. Clare and her Poor Ladies, St. Anthony of Padua, Jacapone da Todi, Elias of Cortona, and many others. But most unforgettably Elias, now the friend and almost mother of the Poverello, now the too masterful Minister General, finally the Lord Elias of Cortona building there his Church of St. Francis, enshrining in it his relic of the True Cross which he, the unfrocked friar, had as a gift from a schismatical emperor of Constantinople for his services as ambassador of the excommunicated Frederick II.

But there is more here than interesting reading. "Franciscan Italy" has outstanding merits as a piece of historical criticism. The author moves securely among thorny problems though he does not lessen the charm of his narrative by elaborate technical discussions. True, his canon of criticism—"the most charitable opinion is more likely to be the true one"—will hardly pass muster in the schools. But his application of it gives results which are a serious challenge to widely accepted views in Franciscan history. Knowing his subject too well to suffer from the early views of Sabatier Mr. Goad's portrait of St. Francis is integral. Nature does not crowd out supernature. The gay poet and minstrel is not without his fasts and tears and stigmata. The preacher of poverty and lover of lowliness is reverent to earthly power and rank. The mystic is docile to external authority and wedded to rule and organization. Once perhaps the writer hits wide of the mark when he makes St. Francis the forerunner of modern science and tells us that it is no mere coincidence that Columbus was a Tertiary and Roger Bacon a Friar Minor. This is too much *post hoc propter hoc*. The affinities between St. Francis's love of nature and the scientific study of it are more accidental and tenuous than Mr. Goad would have us believe.

Most noteworthy is the treatment of the vexed question of the development of the Franciscan Order. How far did it depart from the idea of the founder? Was it a perversion achieved by Elias and Cardinal Ugolina? It is a sign of the trend of Franciscan studies that Mr. Goad's views will excite less dissent than they would have some years ago. The picture of a disillusioned, saddened Francis holding aloof from his creation and regarding the Franciscan Order as a Frankenstein is becoming outmoded. The Elias of the Fioretti is obviously a creature of slander. But Mr. Goad goes a step beyond most students in his defense of Elias. Preferring early sources to the later tendential ones written as campaign documents in quarrels occurring after the time of Francis and Elias he would show us Francis and his chosen vicar working hand in hand, almost seeing eye to eye, in the task of organizing and disciplining the growing Franciscan family, and this despite their admitted difference of outlook, aim, and temper. Even when death removed the saving influence of the saint Mr. Goad absolves Elias from the charge of treachery to the Franciscan spirit and rejects the classic stories of his persecution of the early companions of Francis who opposed his methods. Elias's career as Minister General from 1232 to 1239 was ended by no triumph of primitive fervor in the Order over Elias's ideas of government and learning but by the victory of a party who shared his views on those points, who, in fact, represented these ideas even more than he did as is shown by their personal careers and their administration. Their counts against Elias were based on his methods, his personal habits, and on the fact that he and his chief agents were (like St. Francis) not priests. The life of Elias after his deposition is difficult of defense. Yet Mr. Goad reminds us of the fact that he made peace with the Church at the end and that his earlier efforts to be reconciled with the papacy were frustrated by circumstances. In one case his letter of submission never got beyond the pocket of the new Minister General.

This generous defense of Elias has value in the emphasis it lays on the evidence against the opposite view. Romantic popularizers of Franciscan history have too long canonized the spite of the "Little Flowers" and the "Mirror of Perfection." Yet it is doubtful if Mr. Goad has succeeded fully in establishing all his thesis. The silence of Thomas of Celano and the docility of St. Clare might be explained on grounds other than those of approval of Elias who will remain, perhaps forever, a chief bone of contention in the early Franciscan story.

## The Old Regime

ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN FRANCE DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By HENRI SÉE. Translated from the French by EDWIN H. ZEYDEL. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by LEWIS REX MILLER
Harvard University

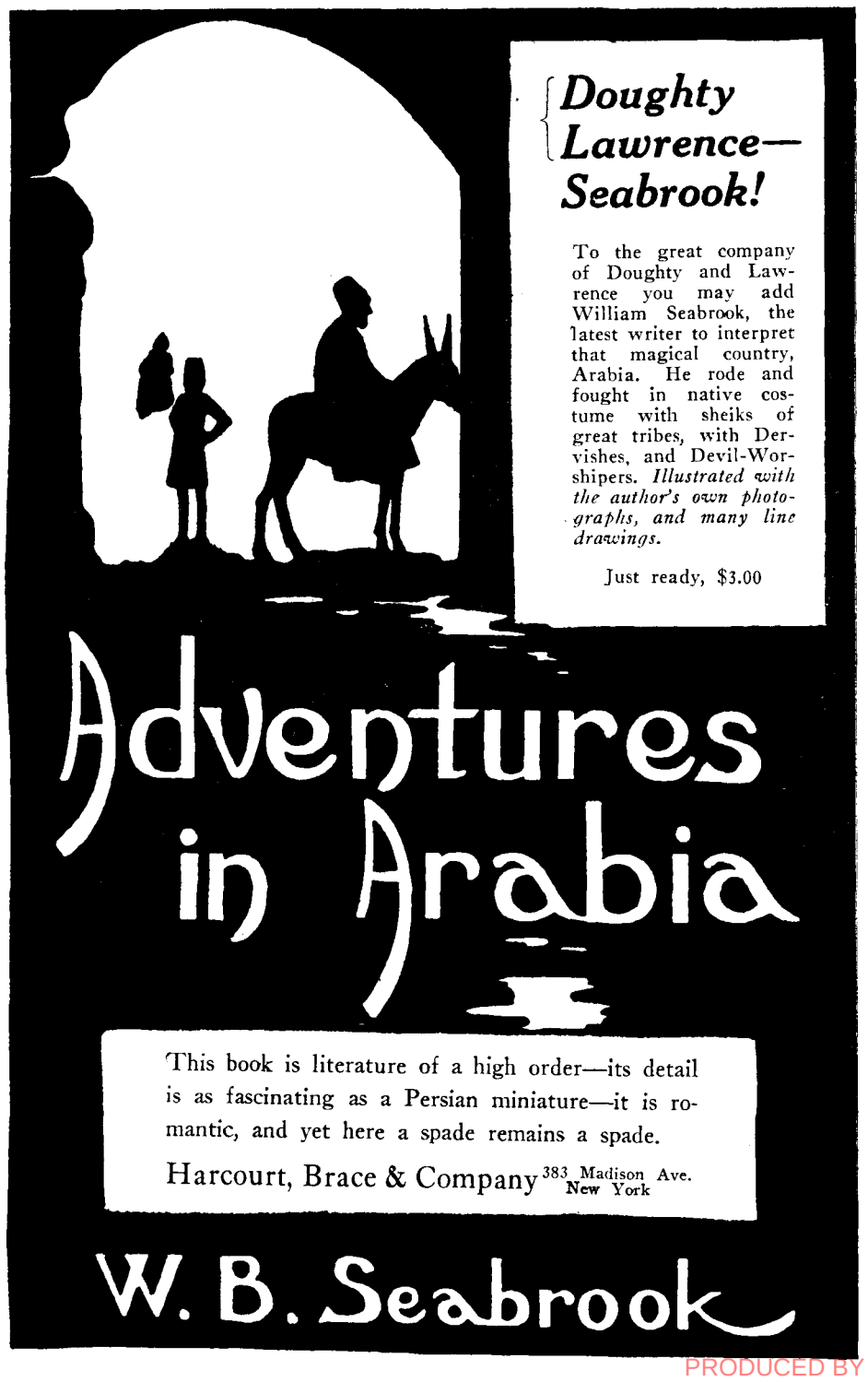
AFTER perusing this book, we feel that we know what France was really like in the last century of the old régime. The reasons why the French Revolution took place are, if not more obvious, at least more clear and exact in our minds. We begin to realize that the usual vague generalities about the privileged estates of the nobles and the clergy and the oppressed and sullen Third Estate are subject to qualification. Not all nobles nor churchmen were rich and happy nor were all commoners poor and miserable.

We see a France which, in one important respect at least, was what France is today and almost always has been: a rural democracy, a country of small landholders who hardly ever emigrate. We realize that not all the peasants, but only the *laboureurs*, or farmers on a rather large scale, profited by the revolution's abolition of the manorial system and the sale of the national property. We see a France which had made little progress in agriculture, and in which rural industries, especially weaving, were extensively taken up by the peasantry. As a whole, France was still a land in which the centralizing tendencies of the industrial revolution had hardly yet made themselves apparent, a land of peasant proprietors, cottage industries, illiteracy, and, at times of frequent crises, of misery.

Of the nobility we get a new picture, one which differentiates between the many different conditions under which noblemen and noblewomen lived. There were the "presented" and the "unpresented" nobility, the court nobility and the provincial nobility, the ancient nobility of the sword and the newer nobility of the lawyer's robe and of the financial world, the parliamentary nobility, and the administrative nobility. Each group had its own desires, aims, and interests. There was little consciousness of solidarity among these groups, except as they recognized the reforming ministers of state as their common enemies. They were so sanguine as to believe that the States General, when summoned, would "achieve the triumph of their cause, and a constitution, which . . . would guarantee their privileges."

In one respect, the eighteenth century was one of progress in France. This was in commerce, especially foreign trade. The opponents of the mercantilist school of economists succeeded in doing away with many awkward limitations on commercial freedom. Between 1716 and 1789, France's foreign trade quadrupled. And the fortunes which were amassed in commerce began to be used in industrial enterprises. But industry lagged far behind commerce, and the industrial revolution in France took place only half a century later. At the time of the French Revolution, France had no "labor problem."

It is cause for gratification that the fruits of numerous recent French books and monographs are now made available to readers of English in such agreeable form as is provided in this work of M. Sée, professor at the University of Rennes. The value of the book would have been somewhat enhanced by providing a table of comparative values between the *sou* and the *livre* of eighteenth-century France and the cent and dollar of today. A few typographical errors will doubtless be corrected in subsequent printings.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By Howard C. Hill

The carefully guarded Roosevelt Papers in the Library of Congress were perhaps the most notable sources of this book. Only two other people have been permitted by the government to examine them thoroughly. From them and other new material Mr. Hill has written a new chapter in the history of Roosevelt's negotiations with Central American countries.

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The Creator Spirit

By REV. CHARLES E. RAVEN

In this survey of Christian doctrine in the light of biology, psychology and mysticism, Dr. Raven has, according to the *Boston Transcript*, "certainly done a good piece of work. He has defended the Christ-centered view of the universe in a way that is in accord with the best modern science, and displayed a large and intimate acquaintance with that newer science in all its aspects." "The book," says the *London Times*, "is a well-documented and stimulating attempt at a synthesis of modern science, philosophy, and religion. We can carry it with us out of doors."

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In the *New Yorker* we read:

**Face Value**

is, in its peculiar way, one of the strangest pieces of fiction which have come my way, unheralded and unsung by advance publicity. Whether **J. L. CAMPBELL**, the author, is an American or an Englishman, a new writer or an experienced one, it is impossible to guess. He has chosen to tell in the most matter-of-fact manner, without a trace of literary style or artifice, an astounding tale for chaste Anglo-Saxon consumption. SERGE ENGLISH revolts against the wickedness and depravity of *nice people*. **$2.50**

**A DUTTON BOOK**


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# Books of Special Interest

## Indian Art

HISTORY OF INDIAN AND INDONESIAN ART. By ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY. New York: E. Weyhe. 1927.

Reviewed by ERNST DIEZ

Bryn Mawr College

AS history on the whole, history of art particularly is changing its reconstruction with the discovery of new sources or remains. There are still a good many old towns buried under the soil of Asia and every year brings surprising results from excavations. Therefore the history of oriental art is not at all complete, but still full of gaps and mere surmises waiting for proofs. India is no exception. On the contrary just Indian excavations caused one of the greatest surprises during the last few years by the discovery of remains of an old Indo-Sumerian culture in the Punjab and in Sind. These remains prove that the culture of the copper age, known till now in Egypt, the Mediterranean, Mesopotamia, Elam, Caucasus, and Turkestan reached to Northern India. That means, that an old culture has existed in Asia, the inheritance of which can still be traced in the historical arts of the different Asiatic territories. This is the point of view, taken by Coomaraswamy, to explain the several similarities and the spreading of certain formulas over half Asia, which till now were mostly explained by single influences from country to country, a method still in vogue, but frequently too superficial.

On the other hand an official art, showing certain Persian influences, such as the monuments of King Ashoka, should not be taken as a type of Old Indian art, which on account of its perishable material simply disappeared, but can easily be traced in later stone monuments. Ashokan art was more or less foreign and "seems to have somewhat the same relation to the older Indian tradition that Mughal painting and architecture have to Rajput at a later period. The distinction is not so much between a native and a foreign art as between a folk art and a court art. The same kind of distinction can be traced in Persia."

As the beginnings in every great religious art are of most interest for the historian they are more discussed than later periods of development. In India we depend mostly on the Vedic and other old texts for some knowledge of ancient Indian religious art as the monuments do not reach farther back than the third century B.C. Coomaraswamy discusses this mythic period fully and gives much information about the old symbols as well as primitive religious idols and temples. He too agrees with the more or less established statement, that "the form of the god's house, as in other countries, is derived from that of human dwellings and tombs, the main sources leading back to the domed, thatched hut and the barrel vaulted types of the Todas and to the slab built dolmens."

Hitherto the most discussed problem in the history of Indian art has been its contact with Hellenistic art, which was brought by Alexander the Great to the East as far as Afghanistan, whence it exercised a great influence on Central Asia (Tarim basin) and during the first to fourth century A.D., on Gandhara, the northwesternmost province of India. In the first century A.D., the statues of Buddha appear for the first time and as Gandhara was Buddhistic many of them were found there. So the creation of the Buddha statue was attributed by archæologists to Hellenistic art, one of their most characteristic presumptions. Meanwhile a number of Buddha statues of the same time (first century A.D.) were found at Mathura, an old "tirth" or place of worship in the Jumna valley near Agra far away from the Gandharan country and entirely independent of it. This fact and several others will soon set at rest the Gandhara question, thanks to Coomaraswamy, who is a champion for Indian independence in this artistic field, and is completely right therein. (The question is of foremost importance, as it deals with no less, than the creation of the Asiatic image of God. In the Mahayana system Buddha became God. And, now, think of the contrast between the Asiatic and the European conception!) With its almost exhaustive lists of monuments and their chronology, the Gandharan chapter is one of the most important of the book.

The following Gupta period (320-600 A.D.) is the classical period of Indian literature and art. It is, as Coomaraswamy states, a period of culmination and florescence, rather than of renaissance as it is often described. The most renowned temples of India, excavated from the rock, such as Ajanta, Elephanta, and Ellura belong mostly to this period. The turreted North-Indian temple of brick or stone, called shikara, begins to appear in the late Gupta period. And still in the following seventh century, Indian art flourished under the two great rulers and enemies, King Harsha (606-647 A.D.) in Northern India and Pulakesin II (608-642 A.D.) in the Dekkhan. And at the same time the Pallava dynasty in extreme Southern India built the wonderful rock temples and sculptures in Mamalapuram on the Coromandel coast.

The further history of Indian art to the nineteenth century cannot be considered here. Coomaraswamy devotes a special chapter to the art of Farther India, Indonesia, and Ceylon. This art, too, he judges justly by stating, that

> to apply the name of "Indian colonial" to the several national schools after the end of the eighth century is an injustice to the vigor and originality of the local cultures. There is scarcely any monument of Farther Indian or Indonesian art, which however nearly it may approach an Indian type, could be imagined as existing on Indian soil; equally in architecture, sculpture, and in the drama and minor arts, its country develops its own formula, freely modifying, adding, or rejecting older Indian forms.

To summarize, Coomaraswamy's book on Indian art is the fruit of an excellent knowledge of the whole material as well as of Indian literature and mentality. His almost exhaustive enumeration and chronology of the important monuments is enhanced by many new points of view and original observations. Therefore his book may be considered a standard work. Though it hardly deals with the formal qualities and analysis of Indian art—it is a new and good foundation for such problems.

## A Famous Battle

THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH. By the late GENERAL WILLIAM S. STRYKER. Edited by DR. WILLIAM STARR MYERS. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1927. $4.50.

Reviewed by J. C. FITZPATRICK

THIS is a volume of 303 pages, 275 of which are text, divided into XXIII chapters, twenty-one of appendices and five of index, which tells the story of an important battle of the Revolutionary War with some of the strength and much of the weakness of the so-called "old-style" historian. The narrative begins at Valley Forge and Philadelphia; in chapter VI the British evacuate Philadelphia and in chapter VII the Continentals start in pursuit. The march of both armies is described with fair effect and the battle itself is reached about midway in the book From this point the recital becomes intricate and confused until Washington arrives and takes command and, however accurate this confusion may be as a picture of the mind and conduct of Major General Charles Lee, it does not clarify, to any appreciable extent, the movements on the battlefield for the reader. It would have been a decided gain if the accurate relief map, which General Stryker had made, could have been used for illustrations instead of the geological survey map which is minus all markings of troop positions and contemporary location names.

In the account of the battle an evident desire to make the most of every bit of information obtainable hinders rather than helps a clear understanding of what happened. Lee's conduct is fairly analyzed, though more emphasis might have been placed upon his mental instability; the influence of the British wagon train upon Clinton's movements is a point well made and the stories of Molly Pitcher and Washington's alleged blasphemy are properly handled. There are some unsupported statements, such as that Beaumarchais was the intimate friend of Vergennes; that the members of the Conway Cabal prepared important documents in Washington's name which he never saw nor signed and that Doctor Griffith warned Washington about Lee prior to the battle, and a few names of well known Continental officers are misspelled. Dr. Myers' work, like that of all good editors, is not plainly evident, but there are indications of it, sufficient to justify, in full measure, the dole usually bestowed upon those long-suffering geniuses.

## An Appraisal

HENRY JAMES: MAN AND AUTHOR. By PELHAM EDGAR. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

ONE hardly needs the statement on the title-page that Pelham Edgar is Professor of English in Victoria College, Toronto. One would be sure that he was a Professor of English somewhere. "Henry James: Man and Author" is just the sort of book that the academic mind dearly loves. Professor Edgar believes profoundly in the importance of "subject" and "composition;" he gives full and accurate summaries of the plots of James's major works, and recounts the rôle of each character. A long chapter devoted to the novelist's critical theories is really interesting and valuable. But for the most part the book is dreary going. Professor Edgar is eminently safe and sane; he never says anything foolish; he never indulges in anything so frivolous as a smile. An intelligent critic, he appreciates more than most the austerities and reticences of Henry James and has some glimpse of what the novelist was actually after; but the appreciation is laborious rather than zestful, and there is no indication that Henry James has ever influenced him to the slightest degree.

Now literary criticism is nothing if it is not the record of the influence of one personality upon another, if it is not the expression of choice, of an attitude of acceptance or rejection, love or hatred, toward a living person—whose mere body may have been dust a thousand years. It is nothing if it is not dramatic—a clash or an embrace. So it has always been—with Jonson and Johnson, Arnold, Pater, Sainte-Beuve, Taine, Brandes, whom you will. But the academic mind regards a clash as vulgar, regards an embrace as immoral. It infinitely prefers a respectable yawn. Just so here: we assent to all Professor Edgar's judgments but while we assent we yawn—and secretly yearn for the perverse, provocative heresies of Van Wyck Brooks.

Unfortunately, it is precisely Mr. Brooks whom Professor Edgar deliberately challenges. For once he is willing to clash. "A thesis," he writes,

> such as that maintained by Mr. Brooks [in his "Pilgrimage of Henry James"] demands special pleading, and special pleading leads too frequently to deficiency of statement on the one side and extravagance on the other. I affirm, therefore, most inflexibly, that he has never divined either the early or the late James who consents to the spirit of the following sentence: "Magnificent pretensions, petty performances! the fruits of an irresponsible imagination, of a deranged sense of values, of a mind working in the void, uncorrected by any clear consciousness of human cause and effect."

But it is just this unforgivable, unforgettable quoted sentence which sticks in the mind long after Professor Edgar's inflexible affirmations are forgotten. Why? Because Professor Edgar's balanced work is merely another book about books, while the special pleading of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks is the reaction of a man to a man. And if Henry James was as brilliant as he is commonly supposed to have been, he would have admired more the brilliant enemy than the unbrilliant friend.

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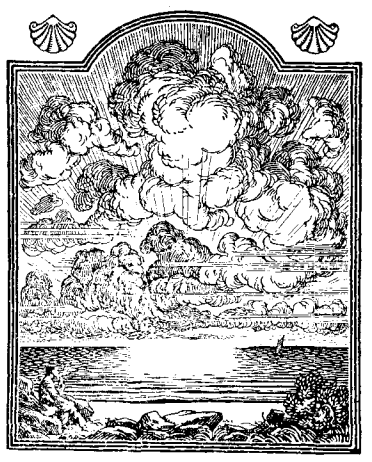

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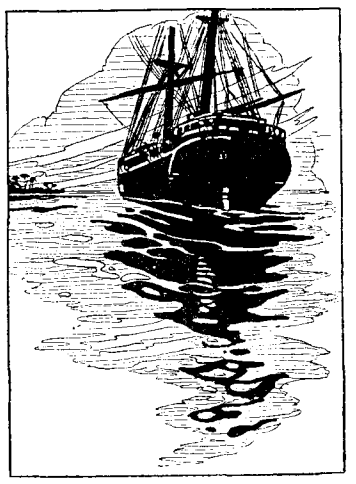

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# Foreign Literature

## A Musician's Letters

MANS HANS BÜLOW. Neue Briefe. HERAUSGEGEBEN VON RICHARD GRAF DU MOULIN-ECKART. München: Drei Masken Verlag A.G. 1927.

Reviewed by AMELIA V. ENDE

THE publication of the personal correspondence of great men and women always raises the question, whether the right to letters is not primarily limited to the writer and the person written to. To people who are not in the limelight of publicity this right is conceded. Every person reading a letter addressed to another commits an unpardonable indiscretion.

But, the historian, the psychologist, and even the student of any art will say: the letters of a great man or woman facilitate the understanding of their characters, their works; they are indispensable as collateral biographical sources. Thus biographers and critics continue to edit such letters and publishers find a market for them.

Whether letters, like biographies and autobiographies, truthfully reflect the personality of the writer is another question. An autobiography may reflect it as in a mirror, but people may pose before the mirror, as before a camera or the painter's eye. Letters may be written with an eye on the readers they may find. The only really reliable human documents of that kind are those written by children, or totally unsophisticated, obscure individuals. And how many of these would interest the reading public?

Nevertheless, letters of celebrities are as a rule more trustworthy expressions of their real thoughts and sentiments than a more or less well planned and formal autobiography. They are more likely to be spontaneous effusions, affording glimpses of the human being underneath the conventional social veneer or the professional attitude. But it is after all a dubious honor paid to genius, that even after death it should know no privacy and have its very soul bared to the great mass.

The selected letters of Beethoven published recently, proved painful reading. His medium was music, and music alone; and his struggle with language, the rigid formulas of which he had not mastered in his youth, was pathetic. As long as he limited himself to communications about the commonplace needs or experiences of his daily life, he expressed himself clearly and forcibly. Indeed, when his wrath was roused, his pen became a bludgeon! But as soon as he ventured to express his spiritual longings and emotional impressions, he became vague and obscure in his struggle for utterance.

The new letters of Hans von Bülow are from the literary standpoint far superior. The master pianist and conductor had an absolute mastery of language as such. His readiness to lapse from German into French or English is amazing. Moreover, he had what few musicians possess in their letters: style. It is a vivid, colorful style, vibrant with life, full of satirical sallies in which he seems to fence with an invisible antagonist, often suggesting a Mephistophelian sardonic grin on the familiar face of the author—and often hiding behind the conventional mask the pangs of a tortured, sensitive soul. How much can be read between the lines of these letters!

Von Bülow preserves a certain poise even when his feelings are most profoundly affected, as in the letter to Cosima, dated June 17, 1869, in which he agrees to their separation and ruefully admitting that he had been at fault in their "*funeste mariage*," humbly cedes her to him, whom he worships as the great genius and whom he had served as his most loyal champion: Wagner. This human side of the letters is very touching; and it is this part of the book that one reads with the consciousness of committing an indiscretion and which one almost regrets to see in print. It has few parallels in literature. It shows von Bülow so different from his sharp-tongued, intransigent critic and conductor, and perhaps the most erratic artist on the concert stage of his time, that it makes one arrive at a far higher estimate of his character as a man.

For von Bülow's prejudices, racial, religious, and perhaps social, were ever the source of violent outbursts of antipathy, of sometimes unwarranted attacks, and always of scathing censure of those whose art did not measure up to his standard or whom he suspected of mercenary or commercial motives. Such traits of character do not make for graciousness of manner, do not ease an artist's relations with the world at large, and were the source of harrowing experiences to the man and the artist Hans von Bülow. Devoted to the highest ideals of art and to the highest standards of professional equity, his uncompromising attitude gave him the reputation of a crank. Many anecdotes were current about him in his life-time. Typical of his manner is the story of how he resented the inattention of an audience at a symphony concert—he not only stopped his musicians, but had them strike up "Marlborough s'en va t'en Guerre"!

Yet what a fund of genuine understanding and helpful sympathy for those whom he deemed worthy these letters reveal! How deeply he had at heart the interest of such fellow artists! The letters to Karl Klindworth and references to him in those to Wagner and Bechstein, show him touchingly solicitous about his friend's comfort and prosperity. How he had fathomed the creative genius of Liszt, obscured by his fame as a virtuoso and deliberately belittled by those who would have him known only as a master pianist, is proved by his efforts to give Liszt's symphonic works, his great Mass, and even his songs, a hearing. His pioneer work for Wagner is known, and many are the proofs of it in these letters. References to his arrangements of Wagner's scores should prove interesting to musicians. He took particular pains with "Tristan and Isolde," discussing some of the points with Wagner himself. He was ever ready to appreciate unusual gifts in the younger generation of the German school, then looming above the horizon. He was among the first to recognize the rare musicianship of Eugen d'Albert, and enthusiastically watched his career as one of the foremost pianists of his generation and followed with intense interest his development as composer. On the other hand, it seems incompatible with his rare breadth of vision, that he was an orthodox worshipper at the shrine of Brahms, but totally failed justly to value that unique figure in the musical world of his time—the modest old Austrian, whose symphonies bridge the gap between Beethoven and Wagner, Anton Bruckner.

Most interesting from the musical standpoint are the letters to Karl Klindworth, to the piano manufacturer Carl Bechstein, with whom he was for many years on terms of friendly intimacy, and the twenty-one addressed to Wagner. There were many more of the latter, the editor remarks, but they were probably destroyed by Frau Cosima, after she became Frau Wagner. The human interest of the volume centers in the letters addressed to that remarkable woman, beginning with that unique first epistle and extending over a period of twelve years. They show his appreciation of her qualities as mother of the children who were left in her care, but for whom he amply provided, and dwell with thoughtful and tender solicitude on details of their education. Next in emotional appeal are those addressed to the daughter, who had been christened Daniela Senta—after Liszt's son Daniel and the heroine of the Flying Dutchman. They range over twenty-four years, are written first in French, like those to the mother, later in German, and as letters of a father to a daughter also stand apart.

A word about the editor of these letters seems apropos. As an intimate friend of the von Bülow family, Count Du Moulin-Eckart was exceptionally fitted for his task, which must to a great extent have been a labor of love. The introduction is rendered somewhat prolix by irrelevant reflections upon the effect of the war on parts of Italy previously under Austrian rule, when he describes his visit to d'Annunzio in the villa on Lake Garda, once occupied by Daniela von Bülow, to secure letters which had been left there. But the selection of these letters shows discrimination and they certainly contain much information and shed light upon one of the most important periods in musical history.

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Of the early editions of Crawshaw only three were published during the poet's life-time, and only one when he was resident in England. In the new Oxford edition, edited by L. C. Martin, is an autograph dedication now printed for the first time and the only portion of Crawshaw's work at present known to exist in his handwriting.

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# The New Books

**The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.**

## Belles Lettres

SELECTED WORKS. By LOUIS LIPSKY. With an introduction by Chaim Weizmann. New York: The Nesher Publishing Company. 1927. 3 vols. $10.

Louis Lipsky is a most significant phenomenon and a person of international reputation in his own sphere. He represents, in a way, the victory of the democratic principle in Jewish communal life. Heretofore, American Jewry called to the leadership of its organizations such national figures as Justice Brandeis, Judge Julian Mack, and Mr. Louis Marshall, moved in its choice as much by the eminence which they had attained in Gentile society as by any other consideration. In the election of Mr. Lipsky to the presidency of the Zionist Organization of America this procedure was ignored; for the first time a man was chosen who had come all the way up from the ranks and whose qualifications lay wholly in the plane of service and experience, not in the more lustrous realm of exalted position and universal reputation. The election itself was no spontaneous expression of popular tribute but rather, like the operation of any political machine, the deliberate choice of those in control and interested in the pursuit of a particular policy.

The writings of Mr. Lipsky, while they hardly disclose these facts, clearly explain them. They indicate the practical politician beneath the propagandist and the poet. Whether in fantasy or editorial or dramatic sketch they betray the engrossment of a mind in the palpable details of success rather than its absorption by the vague outlines of an ideal. Of the three volumes the first, dealing with the problems of American Zionism, is the best; the other two, containing stories and plays, show general felicity without any special distinction. Unfortunately the great number of brief and "timely" pieces in the first volume, which are pointed at special occasions and situations, create an impression of intellectual inconsistency that probably wrongs the author. The compromises of *realpolitik* which are urged therein may be both expedient and necessary, yet they are anything but brave reading in the abstract.

DOG CORNER PAPERS. By *William Whitman, 3rd.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

AMARILIS. By *Christine Turner Curtis.* Doubleday, Page.

LAND OF THE PILGRIM'S PRIDE. By *George Jean Nathan.* Knopf. $2.50.

SELECTED PREJUDICES. By *H. L. Mencken.* Knopf. $2.50.

LIFE AND THE STUDENT. By *Charles Horton Cooley.* Knopf. $2.50.

## Biography

THE HAPPY PILGRIMAGE. By *Corra Harris.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.

UNCLE JOE CANNON. As told to *L. White Bushbey.* Holt. $5.

THE LONDON SPY. By *Ned Ward.* Doran.

LETTERS OF LADY AUGUSTA STANLEY. Edited by the *Dean of Windsor* and *Hector Bolitho.* Doran. $5 net.

CHOPIN. By *Henri Bidou.* Translated by Catherine Allison Phillips. Knopf. $4.

## Drama

STAGE ANTIQUITIES OF THE GREEKS AND ROMANS AND THEIR INFLUENCE. By JAMES TUNNEY ALLEN. Longmans, Green. 1927. $2.

Professor Allen has made of debatable and questionable material an unbiased summary of all that is known of the Greek and Roman Theatre. It is concisely written for the general public by a scholar who has contributed much to our knowledge of the theatre of Dionysus at Athens. The book possesses an excellent bibliography and valuable reference notes. And for the first time the Roman theatre, as dull as it was, is presented as a complete subject. With it all, however, the theatre of Sophocles and Aeschylus still remains for the most part what we imagine it to be from the plays themselves—and perhaps this is best. There yet remains to be written an exciting book on the Greek theatre by someone animated by the life of the ancient theatre as clearly as the Parthenon or the Hermes invoke the life of the age that produced them.

## Education

MADAME DE LA FAYETTE. *La Princesse de Clèves.* Edited by Maurice Baudin. Oxford University Press. $1.15.

THE SCHOLARSHIP OF TEACHERS IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS. By *Edward A. Fitzpatrick* and *Percival W. Hutson.* Macmillan.

LE VOYAGE DE MONSIEUR PERRICHON. By *Eugène Labiche* and *Edouard Martin.* Edited by Léopold Cardon. Scribners. 80 cents.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF YOUTH. By *Edgar James Swift.* Scribners. $2.50.

HUMAN WASTE IN EDUCATION. By *Anna Yeomans Reed.* Century. $2.50.

## Fiction

THE CONSTANT SIMP. By NELL MARTIN. New York: Rae D. Henkle Co., Inc. 1927. $2.

Maisie St. Clair, the simp of the title, is rather an unfamiliar type in American humor. But she is welcome because she amuses us; her slang, her feline ability to land on her feet, her shrewdness and good humor—all her quirks and fancies endear her to us. "The Constant Simp" (we think that Miss Martin should voluntarily go on bread and water for five days as a penalty for choosing a title so reminiscent of "The Constant Nymph") is really a series of short stories, each one telling of an idiotically successful exploit by Maisie. Usually these adventures were begun in a blundering effort to help her employer, George Dorsey, a lawyer with more conscience than wits. George never appreciates Maisie; in a daze, he watches her rush by. Miss Martin often makes the legal profession look decidedly silly. Although her humor is not on a level with Benchley's or Lardner's, it is not to be sniffed at. Always in good taste, it is authentic in its slang, and throughout wins us by its breezy ingenuity.

GREEN SANDALS. By CECIL CHAPMAN LEWIS. Doran. 1927. $2.

The author of this sombre Eastern tale seems to labor under a consciously imposed reluctance to get the most out of his naturally fertile materials, a reluctance which is sometimes advantageously applied, at others with obvious detriment to the potentialities of the story. The scene is a minor Burma port, the people, and these Mr. Lewis portrays with remarkable clearness and fidelity, are a collection of British civil servants, commercial agents, small traders, and their womenfolk, around whom move the myriad Orientals of diverse races. Brendish, an unsuccessful business man, dies when on the brink of bankruptcy, the victim of murder or suicide by poisoning. Suspicion suggests that either Honoria, his long-suffering wife, or Ma E, a disreputable Burmese woman, with whom he has trafficked shadily, has done away with him. The hearing in a magistrate's court exonerates them both, and discloses by whose hand Brendish has died. All this, besides a great deal more, is told in three parts, the first, by Honoria, preparing the stage for her husband's demise, the second, by a chivalrous young blade who rallies to her aid, accomplishing the tragedy, the third, by the district superintendent of police at work upon the case, who wins the lovely widow.

THE HARVEST MOON. By J. S. FLETCHER. Doran. 1927. $2.

Mr. Fletcher has previously demonstrated, in "The Root of All Evil" and "Daniel Quayne," his capability of doing respectable jobs in another field of fiction from that of the detective story. Those two novels seemed to us highly competent realistic studies of Yorkshire rural life and character, so in his latest, which gave promise of following a similar vein, we anticipated (fruitlessly) something equally good. The tale opens with the chance arrival at the prosperous farm of Cornelius Van de Linde of Adrian Darrell, a young artist on a sketching tour of the region. He is invited to remain as a welcome guest, and accepts the hospitality largely because he is smitten with the charms of the old man's handsome daughter, Linda. The young couple at once fall in love, their passion seen leading to Adrian's betrayal of the girl, whom immediately after, though unaware of her plight, he deserts, leaving her in that condition rudely termed "interesting." The curtain is lowered for twelve years, the scene then being changed to Bruges and Rome, the cities where Linda has reared her illegitimate son, Pietje. She has inherited her father's wealth, is still young and attractive, but lives in eternal mourning for her one love, Adrian. When Pietje dies, Linda seems to have been sorely enough punished for her early sin, so she and Adrian are at last reunited.

GEMS AND LIFE. By *Moysheh Oyved.* Holt. $2.

NEIGHBORS. By *Claude Houghton.* Holt. $2.50.

THE GRANDMOTHERS. By *Glenway Wescott.* Harpers. $2.50.

A SERVANT OF THE MIGHTIEST. By *Mrs. Alfred Wingate.* Brentanos. $2.50.

THE SECRET FOOL. By *Victor MacClure.* Brentanos. $2.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD. By *Geraldine Bonner.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

THE MYSTERY AT LOVER'S CAVE. By *Anthony Berkeley.* Simon & Schuster. $2.

GOD GOT ONE VOTE. By *Frederick Hazlitt Brennan.* Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

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GOLDEN TALES FROM BALZAC. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

WILD. By *Carol Denny Hill.* Day. $2 net.

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THEY ALSO SERVE. By *Peter B. Kyne.* Cosmopolitan. $2.

SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK. By *Nat J. Ferber.* Covici. $2.50.

SLAG. By *John McIntyre.* Scribners. $2.

THE JOYOUS FRIAR. By *A. J. Anderson.* Stokes. $3.

DAPHNE'S IN LOVE. By *Negley Farson.* Century.

DELIA DEMONSTRATES. By *Berton Braley.* Century. $2.

NANCY STAIR. By *Elinor MacCartney Lane.* Appleton. $1.

THE REEF. By *Edith Wharton.* Appleton. $1.

THE YELLOW CORSAIR. By *James W. Bennett.* Duffield. $2 net.

TALES OF MYSTERY. By *Edgar Allan Poe* (Oxford Edition). Oxford University Press. $3 net.

COGNAC HILL. By *Charles Divine.* Payson & Clarke. $2.50.

THIS WAY UP. By *Solita Solano.* Putnams. $2.

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CRUMBLING WALLS. By *Joan Conquest.* Macaulay. $2.

THE ROYAL CRAVATTS. By *Lillian Rogers.* Washburn. $2.50 net.

THE MONSOON BIRD. By *W. Kobold Knight.* Crowell. $2 net.

NOW EAST, NOW WEST. By *Susan Ertz.* Appleton. $2.

KNOCK FOUR TIMES. By *Margaret Irwin.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

DUSTY ANSWER. By *Rosamond Lehmann.* Holt. $2.50.

THE DEEP END. By *Patrick Miller.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

BED AND BREAKFAST. By *Coralie Hobson.* Boni & Liveright. $1.75.

TRANSPLANTED. By *Brand Whitlock.* Appleton. $2.50.

THE OTHER TOMORROW. By *Octavus Roy Cohen.* Appleton. $2.

O RARE BEN JONSON. By *Byron Steel.* Knopf.

CELIBATE LIVES. By *George Moore.* Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

PURSE STRINGS. By *Edith M. Stern.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

COUNT TEN. By *Mildred Evans Gilman.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

LOVE IN THESE DAYS. By *Eric Waugh.* Doran. $2.50.

THE ROMANCE OF VILLON. By *Francis Carco.* Knopf. $5.

THE PASSENGER TO FOLKSTONE. By *J. S. Fletcher.* Knopf. $2 net.

DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP. By *Willa Cather.* Knopf.

THE PROMISED LAND. By *Ladislas Reymont.* Knopf. 2 vols.

## History

THE INQUISITION FROM ITS ESTABLISHMENT TO THE GREAT SCHISM. By A. S. MAYCOCK. Harper. 1927. $4.

This volume is an attempt by a fair-minded English Catholic to put the Inquisition in a thirteenth century setting. It stresses the unity of medieval society under the Church, the supposedly anti-social tendency of the heretics, the detestation in which heresy was held by civil rulers and by the masses, and the general cruelty of the age and its punishments. "The Inquisitors, with all their failings and shortcomings, with all their curious obliquities of vision, and with all their startling equivocations, were yet striving for the cause of civilization and progress against the heretical forces of disruption and decay;" yet "for the methods adopted in combating the more subversive medieval heresies the historian can hold no brief." The author admits that the use of torture remains "an indelible stain upon the record of the Holy Office," but he goes beyond the facts in claiming that there was never "any question of persecuting" the Averroists.

Though fair-minded, the book is largely a compilation from other modern writers, not always the best, and is on that account less satisfactory than the work of the Abbé Vacandard on "The Inquisition" of which an English translation was published in 1908, while non-Catholic readers will still prefer the monumental work of the late Henry Charles Lea. The truth is that, while Catholic and Protestant historians approach the subject with fundamental assumptions which are necessarily different, they are in substantial agreement as to the main facts, now that the numerous documentary publications have brought forth the actual records of the tribunals. The Inquisition is one of the fields which the historical scholarship of the last fifty years has in large measure reclaimed from the controversialist and the pamphleteer.

HISTORY OF AMERICAN FOREIGN RELATIONS. By *Louis M. Sears.* Crowell. $3.50 net.

EUROPE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By *A. J. Grant* and *H. W. V. Temperley.* Longmans, Green. $4.

CHINA AND FOREIGN POWERS. By *Sir Frederick Whyte.* Oxford University Press. $1.

THE HAYES-TILDEN ELECTION. By *Paul Leland Haworth.* Bobbs-Merrill. $3.

## Juvenile

THE ADVENTURES OF PAUL BUNYAN. By JAMES CLOYD BOWMAN. Century. 1927. $2.

The tales of Paul Bunyan, the legendary giant logger of the North woods, furnish wonderful material for stories for children. His grotesque size, his extraordinary living requirements, and his escapades lend themselves to interesting development in various ways all calculated to pique a child's amusement and touch his imagination. A book on this subject can, therefore, be highly recommended. This particular book, however, cannot be regarded as the most successful achievement of its kind. The author in a foreword observes that he knows of no previous collection of the Bunyan stories written especially for children, but one was published in 1926 by George H. Doran—written by Wallace Wadsworth—which contains much more of the atmosphere one woud like to see developed in the handling of such a theme.

The present volume contains a good deal of material about Paul's companions rather than about himself; it is not sufficiently varied in its different chapters, and it achieves a colloquial rather than a quaintly fantastic and adventurous tone. Sometimes the result is distinctly cheap, as in such phrases as these: "You know your stuff, Boss!" "real honest-to-the-stars-and-stripes-he-men;" "Well, put up or shut up;" "something terrible." This type of embellishment is not only not needed upon such a background but is really in an inappropriate tone and is beneath its subject-matter in value. It seems hardly fair to any book to consider it from the angle of memories of a preferred effort on the same subject; it should be judged upon its own merits. Yet the point of view is almost inevitable. In any case, the above statements seem to include an independent commentary on the less favorable aspects of this book. But there still remains in it much valuable material for young readers to enjoy to the full. The Paul Bunyan stories will always be interesting, and this attractive illustrated publication will be an addition to juvenile literature.

THE ALLENS AND AUNT HANNAH. By CLARA D. PIERSON. Dutton. 1927. $2.

The Allens and their Aunt Hannah have become almost as popular with present-day young readers as were the "Five Little Peppers" of yesterday. They are a less sentimental lot, but otherwise just the same sort of sturdy, realistic American youngsters and their games and problems; their parties and pastimes are the same as those of the nine and ten-year-olds who will be reading about them this winter. In this continuation of "The Plucky Allens" they will learn how the "endowed dog" came to be a new member of the household; about the Fourth of July celebration; and finally of how romance entered the little group, culminating in a marriage between a favorite uncle and an equally favorite teacher. The author makes no attempt at anything imaginative or especially noteworthy, confining herself to the making of wholesome, if slightly dull reading for boys and girls who demand every day realism.

LOOKING OUT FOR JIMMY. By *Helen Hartness Flanders.* Dutton. $2.

DAYS BEFORE HISTORY. By *R. R. Hall.* Crowell. $1.25 net.

BOY'S BOOK OF EXPERIMENTS. By *A. Frederick Collins.* Crowell. $2 net.

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THE LITTLE ONE: HIS BOOK. By *Marion St. John Webb.* Crowell. $2 net.

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THE BIG ROW AT RANGERS. By *Kent Carr.* Harcourt, Brace. $1.75.

THE LONG PASS. By *Ralph Henry Barbour.* Appleton. $1.75.

DAYS AND DEEDS OF '76. By *Everett T. Tomlinson.* Appleton. $1.75.

TAM OF THE FIRE CAVE. By *Howard W. Garis.* Appleton. $1.75.

TREASURY OF TALES FOR LITTLE FOLKS. Edited by *Marjory Bruce.* Crowell. $8 net.

## Miscellaneous

MOUNT AND MAN, A KEY TO BETTER HORSEMANSHIP. By LIEUT.-COL. M. F. MCTAGGART. Scribners. 1927. $5.

It is a matter for congratulation that Colonel McTaggart's excellent work should be republished in such a satisfactory form, with delightful illustrations by Lionel Edwards. It is probably the best book on riding ever written for the instruction and advancement of the horseman who already knows something about equitation. There are, perhaps, other books which deal with the primary course in horsemanship, although it may well be questioned as to whether they are of much use. "Book larnin'" won't make a rider. But such a book as Colonel McTaggart's is of great assistance to the horseman in perfecting his science and the author from the depth of his experience is able to throw much light on subjects which have hitherto been treated with too much mystery and convention.

THE PAGEANT OF CIVILIZATION. World Romance and Adventure as Told by Postage Stamps. By F. B. WARREN. Century. 1927. $6.

When psychologists began to study the instincts they early found occasion to include in their lists the tendency to acquisitiveness. This tendency, the foundation of modern civilization, since without it capitalism might never have aroused the antagonism of labor, has been related by zoölogists to the assembling proclivities of the squirrel and the magpie, and by Freudians to that infantile coprophily which they regard as the origin of all obstinacy, thrift, and miserliness.

The resultant controversy has proved at

(*Continued on page 94*)


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# The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

**Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.**

*W. D., Kloster Unser Lieben Frauen, Magdeburg, Germany, says that there is a considerable interest in the novels of Upton Sinclair there and that he would like to know just what is his literary standing in the United States. "How could I," he added, "find out whether what he tells about conditions in certain parts of the United States is true or not?"*

THE responsibility of reply is taken from me by the appearance—in the series of Murray Hill Biographies—of "Upton Sinclair," by Floyd Dell (Doran), a sympathetic exposition of his work as he lives it and his life as he writes it. I should say that it represented one wing of opinion about his abilities very fairly: the other, of course, flaps violently whenever his name is mentioned. Perhaps the best brief summary of the case is contained in an essay on his novels in Van Wyck Brooks's "Emerson and Others," recently published by Dutton. No doubt I think so because it is what I think, and I have been thinking about Upton Sinclair ever since the night when I went to a Socialist meeting to hear Courtney Lemon—then a Boy Orator of renown in the party—make an address, and arriving too early, beguiled the time with a copy of a Socialist newspaper whose name I forget, samples of which were on every seat. In this were the glorious first chapters of a novel by an unknown author: it was called "The Jungle;" I almost missed the opening exercises. For the sake of that old thrill I have read the opening chapters of many a Sinclair novel since. I can't say I have always finished the novel.

THE story for which L. W. A., Morganton, N. C., asked is Margaret Prescott Montague's "England and America," which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September, 1919, (vol. 124, p. 322-31), was afterwards published in boards by Doubleday, Page, and is now out of print. It was included in the O. Henry Memorial Collection of Prize Stories for that year, and has also appeared in the collection of readings called "The New World," by Bruce and Montgomery (Macmillan). I have assembled this information from letters from J. S. Cleavinger, Columbia University; John D. Haney, Gloucester, Mass.; Elise R. Noyes of the Stamford Bookstore, Conn.; Marion R. Service of the Detroit Public Library; G. W. Coleman, Red Springs, N. C.; M. J. Gibson, Cincinnati, O.; Sydney McLean, Philadelphia; Elizabeth Nitchie, Goucher College. They all remembered it with enthusiasm; one calls it "one of the most moving bits of legitimate propaganda that appeared in America," and another "the tale best characterizing the feeling of Anglo-Saxon fellowship generated by the war." I have often wondered whether people read the part of the Guide that spills over into the next page. I no longer wonder.

Two of these answerers add to their replies: one asks, "Who called Spenser's style 'splendidly superfluous'?" Another tells V. L. D. that one of the best books about children for grown-ups is "Sayings of the Children," by Lady Grey of Falloden (Stokes), a statement in which I concur.

*R. W., Fairmont, W. Va., asks if there are books for a would-be free-lance writer?*

THE largest is "The Free-Lance Writer's Handbook," published by The Writer Co., Cambridge, Mass. This is a collection of articles by authorities in every field, practical and detailed; to these is added a magazine market list with accurate information. "Where and How to Sell Manuscript," by W. B. McCourtie (Home Correspondence School, Springfield, Mass.), is a smaller book, packed with information: it has been several times revised and is now level with the hour. "The Business of Writing," by Robert Cortes Holliday (Doran), is the best short statement that I know; it will not go out of usefulness for a long time. "Chats on Feature Writing" (Harper) is a symposium by members of the Blue Pencil Club, all professional writers: it describes several sorts of feature stories and advises on their marketing.

*O. G. B., New York, asks for books on home-management as an occupation.*

SUPPOSING that the reader is a young woman, an excellent introduction is "A Girl's Problems in Home Economics," by Trilling and Williams (Lippincott). This begins with clothing, its making, choosing and care; goes on to cleaning, with explanation of labor-saving devices, furnishing her own room, and so on, through the points at which the girl does really come into home management. Another text-book for young women, more detailed than this, is "The House and its Care," by Mary L. Matthew (Little, Brown). This begins with the girl's bedroom and shows how to take care of it and equip it, including the closets; then it goes through the house room by room, the emphasis strongest on the parts of the house in which the girl has greater interest. The book has sections on care of the sick, and of children. I have had a shivering admiration for Mrs. Lillian Gilbreth ever since I learned that she had brought up an incredibly large family and conducted simultaneously an unusually successful business. Her book, "The Home Maker and Her Job" (Appleton), scared me by the very cover, for my ideal home is one in which it is possible to find refuge from efficiency. But the book is by no means ironbound; I don't say it fires me with ambition to get everything graphed, but it does continually remind one of things that could be made easier to do by taking thought—and Mrs. Gilbreth is evidently a born home-lover, radiating vitality and determined to get the most out of life for and in the family. I don't know two people whose ideas of home management are more completely irreconcilable than hers and Cornelia Stratton Parker's, yet in a vague sort of way I think they must get somewhat the same sort of fun out of life.

*W. N. L., Asheville, N. C., saks for books about travel in France, especially Southern France, though those about any part of the country will be welcomed.*

BESIDES the Blue Guides and Baedekers, with which I suppose this traveler is provided, the new books give him a choice of "Brittany and the Loire," by Captain Leslie Richardson (Dodd, Mead), which is a tour of Southern France; "A Wayfarer on the Loire," by E. I. Robson (Houghton Mifflin); "A Wayfarer in Provence" (Houghton Mifflin), and "Undiscovered France," by Emile F. Williams (Houghton Mifflin), which I must put on the list though the reader will have to wait until September for it; it goes from Angers by way of Poitou, the Limousin, the Velay, Auvergne, and the Bourbonnaise to Bourges. Later than that will come another Clara E. Laughlin book, "So You're Going to France!" (Houghton Mifflin). "The Lure of French Chateaux," by Frances Gostling (McBride), and "The Lure of Normandy" and "The Lure of Brittany," from the same publisher are, though illustrated, not too large to carry.

Two recent novels describe unusual and attractive methods of travel in France. To be sure, buying an automobile and running it around is not to be called unusual, but the two girls who do this in "A Fiddle for Eighteen Pence," by Sybil Ryall (Doran), do it in an uncommon way; it is not so breathless as "Honk," an excursion of like nature described in a novel Stokes published last year, in which the company traveled so furiously that one wondered why they did not mount a car on trestles in the backyard and spin the wheels for the required number of miles, saving money and getting much the same effect. Now Miss Ryall really wanders, as one would with a fiddle. "The Canal Boat Fracas," by Louise Closser Hale (Holt), is completely different in ways of motion: I cannot believe that many Americans have chartered a canal boat at Montargis and floated upon inland waterways through a good part of the country. But there will be those who will, now that these vivacious adventures of the *Escargot* have appeared. One who wishes to make faster time than this by water may study the trip of Captain Leslie Richardson, who describes in "Motor-Cruising in France" (Houghton Mifflin), how to go from Brittany to the Riviera by water. "Ports of France," by Herbert Adams Gibbons (Century), is another unusual travel-book of recent publication, taking a new field. The wandering pair, Jan and Cora Gordon, whose "Two Vagabonds in Albania" (Dodd, Mead), has just appeared, began their migrations in "Two Vagabonds in a French Village" (McBride) in the South; these writers make fascinating reading-aloud. Another delightful village book is W. B. Johnson's "Among French Folk" (Small, Maynard).

Let not this reader pass over Ford Madox Ford's "A Mirror to France" (A. & C. Boni). It is a book whose charm is in the completeness with which the writer enters into the spirit of his places.


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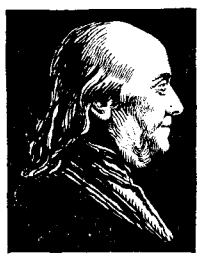

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# Points of View

## Exotic Novels

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

An illuminating essay on "Novels and Travels" appeared in a recent issue of *The Saturday Review*, closing with the idea that too much moving about the world may confuse and diffuse a novelist's ideas to such a degree as to prevent him from attaining that concentration necessary for the accomplishment of a true work of literature.

Doesn't it depend very much on our conception of what is "true literature?"

The critic who claims that the function of literature is only "to convey, through creative insight, the inner motives, conflicts, and desires of people so that we may understand them more fully than it is possible to understand them in life," is taking a very narrow view of the novelist's art. The novelist may select to portray a phase of life. And the novelist who sets out to portray a phase of life has an aim that is just as truly literary as the one who sets out to analyze an individual. Insofar as that novelist's attempt to portray that phase of life is complete and successful, in just that degree is his book true literature. The life he paints may be that of his own country, as in Anthony Trollope's novels, or it may be that of a foreign country which has made a powerful impression upon him —as in most of Kipling's work. And in the latter case the novelist gets his inspiration through travel.

Rudyard Kipling, going to British India as a young man, engaging in newspaper work in an office where all the mechanical work was done by natives, was so powerfully impressed by the exotic life of India, that it colored all his work for the rest of his life. In Kipling's celebrated stories, "The Man Who Was," and "The Strange Ride of Marrowby Jukes," he concerned himself very little with the inner motives, etc., of his characters. But in each of those stories he painted a wonderful picture of a phase of life in British India—colored in a degree, of course, by his powerful imagination.

I have mentioned two short stories. But for a full-length novel of that description, consider Rex Beach's "The Ne'er-Do-Well." It concerns itself with a young man flung adrift in the Canal Zone, with his own way to make. It represents him as coming in contact with all phases of life in the Canal Zone. And because its description of the exotic life of that part of the world is so very true, complete and vivid, so perfectly rounded, the book is a real work of literature. It is quite distinct from the picaresque story, which wanders on with no particular aim, and is without form and void.

Now, the novelist whose only concern is with "inner motives, etc.," might just as well stay at home. But for all novelists whose aim it is to portray a phase of life, foreign travel may be a powerful stimulant, "for (in your essayist's words) the sights and sounds of foreign travel whet the edge of general observation."

ROGER SPRAGUE.

Imola, California.

## "Prophetic Books"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Since William Blake distinguished one of his free-verse works from others by the subtitle "A Prophecy," certain editors have taken this occasion to give the name "Prophetic Books" to all his free verse, in order that this subtitle may have no distinctive effect. I do not suppose Blake was prophetic enough to foresee this when he wrote

*These are the Idiot's chiefest arts—*
*To blend and not define the parts.*

The division into chapters and verses in some of these books indicates clearly enough an intention of paralleling the form of the Bible; and as the Bible is divided into prophetic books and some others, we may expect the like of this new Bible. Now in the first of the series, the one which least distinctly forms a series with the rest, "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," we have the closing admonition that the author was given the Bible of Heaven, which the world shall have if they are good, and that he has also the Bible of Hell, which the world shall have whether they will or no. Since it is not on record that the world in Blake's time was up to his standard of goodness, it is obvious that the books we have are the fulfilment of the unconditional half of the promise. In other words, Blake's own collective title for his free-verse works is "The Bible of Hell;" in which, of course, the word "Hell" must be understood in a Blakian sense.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

## Definition Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

In your issue of August 6, Mr. Bates contends that certain terms, particularly those naming historical conceptions, defied definition. Such a contention, to me, seems rather illogical. When a term is first used it is applied to a certain condition or conception; this being of certain known limitations. A sound or word is not found and then applied to something which it is thought it will fit; rather the condition is existent and a word or sound or term is sought to fit it. Thus, originally every term is able to be definitely defined. Should the condition once having been defined, change, either by expansion or contraction, then it is no longer the same condition. Quite as obviously, then, it has lost its original definition. However this fact does not put the original defining term out of business. It still remains, belonging to the *original* conception.

The term romanticism was the one which Mr. Bates declined to define. Romanticism originally meant one thing. Just as we have the color blue and then its derivatives, blue, reduced intensity and blue, increased intensity, we may have romanticism and its derivatives, reduced or increased in their intensity.

J. L. HALLSTROM.

Philadelphia, Pa.

# The New Books

## Miscellaneous

(*Continued from page 92*)

least disconcerting to collectors, and philately in particular has suffered some rude knocks. Its rehabilitation, as an armchair key to the Human Adventure, is therefore timely, and Mr. Warren is to be congratulated on the case he has contrived to put up. First let us note that latter day philatelists are in the best company. His Majesty King George V has put it in writing that his interest in stamps is "one of the greatest pleasures of my life." His collection is worth at least $500,000, and the Prince of Wales, as president of the Royal Philatelic Society follows in his father's footsteps. The reigning monarchs of Spain, Egypt, Belgium, Italy, and Japan are rivaled in their enthusiasm for stamps only by Sven Hedin and the Bishop of British Guiana.

Secondly, single stamps have already changed hands for over $3,200, viz. the 1856, black on magenta, one cent of British Guiana, of which the aforesaid Bishop has not yet secured a specimen, while over 250 others will fetch more than $1,000 in the open market. So you never know when you may be enabled to retire to Europe for life by merely ferreting successfully amongst your great-aunt's letters.

Mr. Warren's history is profusely anecdotal. We are reminded of the furore caused by the first bath-tub in the White House, and the only Catholic who has ever been a resident there. There is the story of the Chicago lawyer who became premier of a Soviet state, and the printer's error which created Napoleon III. Two pages explain the relation of the Monroe Doctrine to philately, and three are devoted to bird-life on stamps—from Switzerland's dove to Guatemala's quetzal and New Zealand's hvia. Only Scandinavia, it appears, misses its ornithological and historical opportunities, in spite of the philatelic propensities of Sweden's Crown Prince.

Anyone who visited the last International Congress of Philatelists, at the Grand Central Palace in New York last year, will be aware that Mr. Warren writes for no phantom public, and he himself is at this moment "assembling an extended and unique international collection, which, it is contemplated, will form the nucleus of the American Postal Salon, a non-commercial exhibition always to be open to the general public." And yet there are young men who contemplate suicide because life itself offers nothing more to interest them!

## Poetry

STUFF AND NONSENSE. By *Walter de la Mare* $2.

THE OPAL RING. By *Antoinette Rapposelli* Badger.

WINDS OF DAWN. By *John Ransom Palmer* Vinal. $1.50.

THE LAND OF SINGING WATERS. By *A. M Stephen.* Toronto: Dent.

GUINEA-FOWL AND OTHER POULTRY. By *Leonard Bacon.* Harpers. $2.

## Religion

WHAT CAN A MAN BELIEVE? By *Bruce Barton* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS AND ORIENTAL CIVILIZATIONS. By *Maurice T. Price.* Privately printed.

ROUGH-HEWED. By *Raymond Laylor Forman.* Abingdon. $1.50.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By *A. H. McNeile.* Oxford University Press. $6.50.

CHRISTIAN CONQUESTS IN THE CONGO. By *John M. Springer.* Methodist Book Concern. $1.

## Science

AND THE NEW EARTH. By *Alice Watkins Hood.* Baltimore: Waverly Press.

CHEMISTRY. By *W. H. Barrett.* Oxford. $1.75.

SCIENCE, EVOLUTION, RELIGION. By *E. T. Badger.*

## Travel

A YEAR AMONGST THE PERSIANS. By E. G. BROWNE. Macmillan. 1927. $9.

It has often been a matter for wonder that a truly excellent work could be overlooked for more than a quarter of a century, and the late Professor Browne's voluminous account of his travels in Persia should have been fascinating readers for more than thirty years. The present handsome edition will no doubt attract many who have no special interest in the country or its people, and one needs to go but a little way into the book to fall under the spell woven by the writer. It has been suggested that the style in which the narrative has been set down is not pleasing to the reader who likes his travel books full of strong meat in strong words. But the work was first issued in 1893 and Browne no doubt had one eye on "Arabia Deserta" as he transcribed his notes. One does not need to be a student to appreciate the humor and satire, the wisdom and philosophy of this account of a scholar's travels. Yet this book has not found its way to the shelf of the general reader; the student has known it, and it has flanked the three stout volumes of the same author's "Literary History of Persia" until now.

The book is in every way fascinating and its wealth of detail presents a more complete picture of Persian life in all its aspects than is contained in a small library by other writers. Here and there, it is true, the professor is in the ascendant and the traveler is momentarily forgotten; in his studies of various obscure dialects the author met with such difficulties that he is not only persuaded to print his vocabularies in full as very precious, but to tell in detail how much effort it cost him to get them.

Sir Denison Ross, who writes a memoir of Professor Browne as an introduction to the book, calls it "one of the world's most fascinating and instructive books of travel." Granted that Sir Denison, as a University Professor of Persian, may be a prejudiced person, it is impossible to resist the enthusiasm and charm of the traveler as he tells of the things which meant so much to him. Even the lengthy reports of conversations with native philosophers are full of human feeling, and it is a delight to follow the author through *faux pas* after *faux pas*, as genuinely reported as though they reflected the greatest credit on him.

Throughout the book there are quotations from Persian poets and literary men, in romanized Persian and Arabic. That the casual reader may not be vexed by them they are all accompanied by very well turned English versions, and thus the student profits and the general reader may gain an insight into the large part played by quotations in Oriental speech. There is no doubt at all that "A Year Amongst the Persians" is, and will remain, one of the classics of Eastern travel.

HERE IS ENGLAND. By MARION BALDERSTON. McBride. 1927. $3.

"You should go to England," says Mrs. Balderston, "as a grown-up goes back to his childhood home." But for that to be true, one needs an Ideal Relation, there to say Welcome; an Aunt who is cheerful, efficient, and a little gossipy. "Very well," says Miss Balderston, "let me be the Aunt."

(*Continued on next page*)

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# The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

LUTHER'S BIBLE

THE Bremen Press, originally founded in the town from which it takes its name, but soon transferred to Munich, is eminent among the modern presses of Germany which since the war have been carrying on and perfecting the fine craftsmanship in hand printing. It has been part of the program devised by Dr. Wiegand to print a series of stately folios, each of which contains a classic in one of the great literary languages. To celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the completion of his task, Luther's German Bible is to appear in five volumes. The Pentateuch has just been published, and will be followed by the historical books of the Old Testament, then the poetical books and the Apocrypha, then the Prophets, and lastly the New Testament, which is announced for the end of 1928. The text is based upon the last edition issued in Luther's lifetime, that of 1545, which embodies Luther's intentional corrections, while several other editions have been collated for the correction of accidental errors. Apart from undoubted misprints, the orthography and punctuation of Luther have been exactly reproduced, and the alterations introduced into more modern editions have been rejected.

The London *Times*, in reviewing the typography of this edition, says:

"The version certified as scrupulously exact is presented in a dignified and beautiful form. The folio page is slightly larger than that of the Doves Press Bible, comparison with which is inevitably suggested; it is about an inch taller and a half inch wider. As in the English edition, the division by chapter and verse, customary in modern editions of the Bible, is discarded, and the text flows on consecutively; the beginnings of the chapters are not even marked in the margin, as in the Doves Bible, but at the foot of each page the beginning and end of that page in chapter and verse are noted. The type, specially designed and cut for this edition by Louis Hoell, is a "Fraktur," or black letter, beautiful in appearance, extremely legible, and free from eccentricity. The spacing between the lines and the proportions of the margins are entirely satisfactory to the eye. The initials, used only at the beginning of each book, are of a fine and simple Gothic design, with white lines cut to relieve the massive black of the main lines which build the letter. These and the title have been designed by Anna Simons. The paper is of first rate quality. In all respects the production of the volume is entirely to be commended, and it is worthy of a place in every collection of fine modern books."

BOOK BORROWING

THE habit of book borrowing has been roundly denounced many times, but not in recent years has it been done with greater vigor than H. G. Wells has put into the task. He goes so far as to say that it is one of the great problems that Britain has on her hands to "devise some means of destroying" this awful practice. The Boston *Transcript* in discussing Mr. Wells's new crusade, calls attention to some of the practices and penalties of other days. The *Transcript* says:

"But what is Mr. Wells to do, in pursuit of his desire to stamp out in England the friendly but pernicious habit of book borrowing? Perhaps he might revive some of the old penalties in force in medieval monasteries, where the monks were sometimes held under the severest punishment if ever they ventured to lend any of the precious volumes out of the convent library. Some of the books were held so valuable and irreplaceable, that the lending of them was at the pain of excommunication. Again, a careful historian makes note of the fact that even when Louis XI as king of France, asked to borrow a book from a monastic library, he was required to deposit gold-plate as security for the return of the loan. Perhaps this is the means which should be adopted today, to restrain this inimical practice. A law should be passed, making it an offence for any one to borrow a book without depositing a $50 Liberty Bond as collateral. Many are the patient book-lenders who would welcome such a change of the penal code, permitting them to place upon the Legislature responsibility for a hardness of heart which they themselves are too timid to express to those who ask books of them."

GRAPHIC ARTS EXHIBITION

PIONEERS of the printing industry in America, and particularly the first printers of New York, will be honored next month at the Fourth Educational Graphic Arts Exhibition at Grand Central Palace. This is the first of the exhibitions, held every five years, to come to this city. Early printers of New York who will receive special honor are William Bradford, editor, publisher and printer of New York's first newspaper, The New York *Gazette*, and John Peter Zenger, the second printer of the Colony, who came to this city in 1710 and became apprenticed to Bradford. Later Zenger went into the printing business on his own account and founded the New York *Weekly Journal*, and to him the freedom of the press of that period was largely due. The managers of the exhibition estimate that 30,00 printers will attend. The Graphic Arts Expositions, Inc., is made up of printing and publishing concerns, which hold conventions during the exposition. Every phase of the printing industry, from the machinery to its finished product, will be included in the display.

NOTE AND COMMENT

THERE seems to be a growing interest in fine typography all over the world. This field is one of very great interest to the discriminating collector.

Elkin Matthews and Marrot of London announce the early publication of an illustrated edition of "Nourjahad," the last novel written by Mrs. Sheridan, mother of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, whose comedy, "The Discovery," produced at Drury Lane in 1763, was recently adapted for the modern stage by Aldous Huxley. "The History of Nourjahad" ran through a number of editions when it was first published, a year after Mrs. Sheridan's death in 1766, and appeared in several translations.

Etchells and Macdonald, of London, hope to have ready early in the autumn an illustrated memoir of Harriet Martineau, by Theodora Bosanquest, whose study of "Henry James at Work" appeared in 1924. The author throws new light on Miss Martineau's activities, both at home and in this country, not to be found in her autobiography. The illustrations include a series of contemporary drawings of Godwin and other celebrities with whom she came into contact.

The editors of the "English Hymnal," are similarly responsible for the "Oxford Carol Book," which was added to the Oxford Books of Verse this month. Both words and music are given in this comprehensive collection, which makes a special plea for the use of carols, not only at Christmas but at all times. The book will be issued in three forms—full music, for church and musical use, the words in a library edition with full notes, and the words in congregational form. Many of the carols will be issued separately.

The first five volumes of the Julian Shelley, edited by Roger Ingpen and Walter Peck, characterized by Professor George Saintsbury as "this stately definitive edition," remarkable for the amount of new material and for the arrangement of the mass of existing material, have appeared. Five volumes still remain to be published, and will be forthcoming at approximately a volume a month. The editors have finished their work and the printers now are very busy.

Commencing with September 15 and every two months *Arts et Metiers Graphiques* will be published from 3, rue Sequier, Paris. The publisher is Lucien Vogel. A partial list of the contents of the first number gives promise to periodicals that will interest American readers. This includes: "The Two Virtues of a Book" by Paul Valéry of the French Academy; "The Contemporary Book: Justification of Its Size" by Maximilien Vox; "Tendencies of Typography in Italy" by Dr. Calabi; "Thirty Years of German Typography" by Marius Audin; "The Art Catalogue" by Farnoux-Regnaud; and "Technical Realization of Advertisements" by Antoine.

Mrs. Janet Anne Ross, English writer, died recently at her villa near Settignano, aged eighty-five. Among her publications are "Italian Sketches," "Three Generations of English Women," "Florentine Villas," and "Lives of the Early Medici."

# The New Books

## Travel

(*Continued from preceding page*)

With this friendly device, she assumes an intimacy with the reader, and enthusiastically prepares his plans. She assumes little on his part save an eagerness to see, and an ability to be excited by the picturesque. In the itinerary she prepares (to be done by motor) he is to go first to Kent. "There is something about this country that is yielding and sweet, you can love it and put your arms round it, and you can live with it happily forever and always." From Canterbury she leads west to Winchester, Salisbury, Wells; then north by Lichfield to York; south again to Lincoln, Peterborough, Ely, London. In the main it is a cathedral tour, with lesser sights thrown in for refreshment; but it is not a solemn trip, so much as a quest for the "quaint" and "queer." The past is gently wondered at and mothered; the present pleasantly "auntied." It is unnecessary to say that not all of England is here. It is a conventional and pretty selection, set out with a lover's protestations; and nicely done, with several interesting maps.

TRAVELERS' TALES. By *H. C. Adams*. Boni & Liveright. $3.50.

ON THE STEPPES. By *James N. Rosenberg*. Knopf. $2.50.

DWELLERS IN THE JUNGLE. By *Lieut. Col. Gordon*. Stokes. $2.50.

ADVENTURES IN ARABIA. By *W. B. Seabrook*. Harcourt, Brace. $3.

PICTURESQUE FRANCE. Brentanos.

THE PRINCIPAL NAVIGATIONS, VOYAGES, TRAFFIQUES, AND DISCOVERIES OF THE ENGLISH NATION. By *Richard Hakluyt*. Dutton. Vols. I and II.

SOUTH SEA SETTLERS. By *J. R. Grey* and *B. B. Grey*. Holt. $3.50.

THE BALEARICS. By *Frederick Chamberlin*. Dodd, Mead. $5.

THE ROMANCE OF THE RIVERS. By *John T. Faris*. Harpers. $6.

OLD LONDON CITY. By *L.* and *A. Russan*. Crowell. $1.50 net.

HISTORIC STREETS OF LONDON. By *L.* and *A. Russan*. Crowell. $1.50 net.

KNOCKING AROUND. By *Frank H. Shaw*. Dodd, Mead. $3.

ON THE OLD ATHABASCA TRAIL. By *Lawrence J. Burpie*. Stokes. $4.

VIVA MEXICO. By *Charles M. Flandrau*. Appleton. $1.


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*Illustrated by Maginel Wright Barney*

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**DUTTON**

# The Phoenix Nest

AS we now sit in Elysium harking the slight hiss of the spraying inverted cones of nine sprinklers on a croquet lawn —and somebody has just gone and turned them off—under and athwart all sorts of shrubbery and tree-ery (so to speak) after a colossal breakfast,—we don't feel much like writing anything. Besides, we have received news of O'Reilley, and depend upon his indefatigability. . . .

Yesterday we saw the skyline of San Francisco rise up before the approaching prow of the ferry-boat for the first time in fifteen years. But then yesterday was full of thrills of all kinds. We motored down from San Francisco into the Santa Clara Valley, were inducted into a charming apartment of our own on what seems to us an illimitable estate roamed over by a pulchritudinous bevy of small female children,—we retired with a cake of soap under a shower and luxuriated in removing the accumulated grime of our journey,—we plunged into a jade-green pool and consumed a vast lunch cooked in the open under redwoods,—we slept two hours straight and flat in the afternoon,—and now we are writing of anything and everything rather than exercise our critical faculty such as it is. . . .

But we see that we must say *something* about books. We had some books, of course, on the train. We had finished *Conrad Aiken's* "Blue Voyage" (Scribner's), by the time we got to Chicago. Hot afternoons have been in Nebraska—also in Nevada—the former we spent finishing *Rosamond Lehmann's* "Dusty Answer" (Holt), the latter with an old time mystery and horror story we have mentioned before in this column, *Sheridan Le Fanu's* "Uncle Silas" (Oxford Press). . . .

Two little girls dressed as cowboys are now playing croquet in front of us and our attention is also diverted by a beautiful display of flowers at the lower end of the lawn. Otherwise the silence, save for the cheeping of a bird or two and the buzz of a fly or two, is soporific. Still, we really must pull ourselves together. . . .

Aiken's novel is interesting, decidedly interesting; the chief character therein both inveigling and irritating. This kind of artistic young man is probably highly characteristic of post-war neuroses but one wonders, after chewing the cud of the book in retrospect for a few days, just why an evidently normal (and rather uninteresting) girl with youth and spirits and a conventional outlook should have been expected by him to be vitally interested in his intertangled inhibitions. Nevertheless, that is the tragedy of it—and the ironic comedy —and Mr. Aiken conveys both with some subtlety and a good deal of honesty. The other passengers that come into the story are well characterized. The atmosphere of the smoking room is well conveyed, even to the extent of becoming meticulously reportorial as to the particular smutty stories familiar to all travelers who are "good mixers." To Mr. Aiken—anything but a "good mixer" —these are phenomena worthy of particular note, but to most of us matters merely to be taken for granted. . . .

Parts of the story are somewhat tedious. Demarest's lengthy exposition of his theory of literature in its relation to himself will be of a certain interest to writers but is, essentially, a boring conversation, as he knew it to be. However, that was part of Demarest. The author's endeavor is to be completely unsparing of Demarest, to present him in a dry, hard, clear light,—and in this he succeeds. His sleepless long panorama of thought and memory is a remarkable achievement in a way, suggested by the method of Joyce. But it also is too long-drawn-out, would have been more effective at less length. Somewhere in the book Demarest remarks upon his own uncertain power of selection among his materials, and, inasmuch as the book has evidently a distinct autobiographical quality, this may be taken as Mr. Aiken's own criticism of his artistic self. It is a cogent one. His book is flawed as a whole by his uncertainty as to just what kind of a book he is writing. It proceeds now in one direction, now in another. There are a number of memorable episodes. There is throughout evident a distinguished ability in the writing and the revelation of an unusually interesting mind. But our own desire for a display of architectonic skill —if one *should* desire such a thing in a modern novel—was certainly far from being satisfied. . . .

In its human relationships "Blue Voyage," naturally, depressed us. But so did Miss Lehmann's "Dusty Answer." This promising young novelist writes with skill and vividness to a familiar novel pattern. Her story is feminine and emotional. It has more of gusto, strangely enough, and less of neurosis than Aiken's, though her sensitiveness confines itself to far narrower limits. Her structure is adequate, she builds to scale; she creates a real Judith for us; and the different Fyfes, and the Fyfes as a family group, linger in the mind. Judith's love affair is poignant, and there is rich beauty of description throughout the book. But a "dusty answer," indeed!—the depressing part about it is that it carries conviction. Roddy is a very real young man—young Englishman, especially,—and (monstrous in one aspect as his behavior might seem) not remarkably a monster, on the whole, as human beings are observed to behave under stress of circumstance. . . .

Love at cross-purposes—the never-failing source of so much agony transcribed from the myriad agonies of life. The richer the nature of the human animal, the more of spirit mixed with the clay, the more the singing of the blood raises glamor before the eyes,—by so much more the ache of disillusionment, the depth of painful experience. Yet "experience" is just what the richest natures crave. After reading such honest novels as "Blue Voyage" and "Dusty Answer" (in their different fashions) one wonders how love-affairs ever do happen to go right in this world, how happy marriages do happen to exist, how young people ever survive the transition from the romantic ideas of youth to grim reality. . . .

But that is a mood and one aspect of the world merely. Happiness depends upon what constitutes satisfaction. The conflict between dream and reality proceeds incessantly, and the dreamers in most cases suffer because the ordering of their lives is not their first consideration. Yet—suppose they do suffer,—they also experience and penetrate life's *arcana* in a fashion that those with a large amount of worldly wisdom and a successful ordering of their lives are forever denied. And then it depends on the extent of your sensitivity and the range of your intelligence—with which go curse and blessing. . . .

Now "Uncle Silas" was a book for our money,—the villains were so beautifully villainous! Madame la Rougierre is certainly a masterpiece, with her Walpurgisnacht behavior—and what graphic characterization is in Uncle Silas himself and his bumpkin son! To tell the truth we were never really scared at all by the book, but the nineteenth century flavor of it is delicious. The heroine herself, with her almost half-witted simplicity, and her delightfully vivacious cousin, Yady Knollys, we could have read of forever—and what a grand rambling structure of weirdness and dusk romance Uncle Silas's extraordinary establishment! We can imagine that if we had happened upon this story at the age of ten we would have perused it with a frightful fascination. However, even now, just because of its frank, upright, and open villainy and fiendish machinations it has restored our faith in the essential serenity of human existence, in the beauty of romance, in the conquest of evil by good . . . for about five minutes, at least! . . .

Let us bask now, for a while, in the pervading California sunlight! . . . We forgot to tell you that we went through Cheyenne, Wyoming, the day before the Roundup; viewed the prize five hundred dollar saddle donated by the Railroad in its glass case in front of the station,—and saw a cowboy in a bright pink shirt and four-gallon white Stetson! But best of all was the dusty sunset that showed us the last of Nevada, turning rough ridges the color of red sandstone spattered with deep shadows as black as spilt India ink in the rosy afterglow. Shortly after that we passed a small station called Rose Creek, which seemed to us quite in keeping. To our left, as the rails veered southward, the red-gold sunset seemed to paint a mirage of golden river and forest creek upon the smouldering clouds, streaks of pale green sky became the sky-blue water of the Happy Hunting Grounds floated upon by mysterious low-lying lion-colored islands; and where tossed masses of cloud had turned ash-gray fantastic shapes of early settler and embattled redskin seemed to tower upon the darkening heaven. . . .

Dust rose between us and the vision as we clicketed over switches and roared past a waiting freight. But even with one eye weeping from a cinder we groped inward to the observation car with warm enjoyment in the cockles of our heart. . . .

And so—gentle readers—

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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